

1507/1099.



CHARLES CHURCHILL.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS

Th. Boys.

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

With the LIFE of the AUTHOR, and Explanatory
Notes never before published.

THE FIFTH EDITION.



Duffie.

DUBLIN:

Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.
M,DCC,LXXX.



THE *Wicksteed*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

DEDICATION,
ROSCIAD,
APOLOGY,
NIGHT,

PROPHECY OF FAMINE,
EPISTLE TO HOGARTH,
GHOST, B. I. & II.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street:
M,DCC,LXXX.



THE
L I F E
O F
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THIS gentleman was the son of the Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill, curate and lecturer of St. John's in Westminster. He was also educated in Westminster-school, and received some applause for his abilities from his tutors in that famous seminary. His capacity, however, was greater than his application, so that he received the character of a boy who could do good if he would. As the slightest accounts of persons so noted are agreeable, it may not be amiss to observe, that having one day got an exercise to make, and, from idleness or inattention, having failed to bring it at the time appointed, his master thought proper to chastise him with some severity, and even reproach his stupidity: what the fear of stripes could not effect, the fear of shame soon produced, and he brought his exercise the next day finished in such a manner, that he received the public thanks of all the masters.

Still, however, it is to be supposed that his progress in the learned languages was but slow; nor is it to be wondered at, if we consider how difficult it was for a strong imagination, such as he was possessed of, to conform and walk tamely forward in the trammels of a school education: minds like his are ever starting aside after new pursuits, desirous

firous of embracing a multiplicity of amusing objects, eager to come at the end without the painful investigation of the means; and, if we may borrow a term from the mercantile world, a genius like his, disdaining the painful assiduity of earning knowledge by retail, aimed at being a wholesale dealer in the treasures of literature. This much was necessary to premise, in order to palliate his being refused admittance into the University of Oxford, to which he was sent by his father, for want of proper skill in the learned languages. He has often mentioned his repulse upon that occasion, but whether his justification of himself is to be admitted we will not undertake to determine: certain it is that both he and his companions have often asserted that he could have answered the college examination had he thought proper; but he so much despised the trifling questions that were put to him, that, instead of making the proper replies, he only launched out in satirical reflections upon the abilities of the gentlemen whose office it was to judge of his.

Be this as it will, Mr. Churchill was rejected from Oxford, and, probably, this might have given occasion to the frequent invectives we find in his Works against that most respectable university. Upon his returning from Oxford he again applied himself to his studies at Westminster school, and, there, at the age of seventeen, contracted an intimacy with the lady to whom he was married, and who still survives him. This was one of those imprudent matches which generally begin in passion, and end in disgust. However, the beginning of this young couple's regards for each other were mutual



mutual and sincere, and so continued for several years after. At the usual age for going into orders Mr. Churchill was ordained by the late bishop of London, notwithstanding he had taken no degree, nor studied in either of our universities, and the first place he had in the church was a small curacy of thirty pounds a-year in Wales. To this remote part of the kingdom he brought his wife; they took a little house, and he went through the duties of his station with cheerfulness and assiduity. Happy had it been for him in this life, perhaps more happy in that to which he has been called, if he had still continued here in piety, simplicity, and peace. His parishioners all loved and esteemed him; his sermons, though rather raised above the level of his audience, were, however, commended and followed. In order to eke out his scanty finances, he entered into a branch of trade which he thought might end in riches, but which involved him in debts that pressed him some years after; this was no other than keeping a cyder cellar, and dealing in this liquor thro' that part of the country. A poet is but ill qualified for merchandise, where small gains are to be patiently expected, and carefully accumulated. He had neither patience for the one, nor economy for the other; and a sort of rural bankruptcy was the consequence of his attempt.

Upon leaving Wales he came up to London; and his father soon after dying he stepped into the church in which he had officiated. In order to improve his scanty finances, which, in this situation, did not produce full an hundred pounds year-

ly, he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English, and was employed for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis, where he behaved with that decency and piety which became his profession. Nor should we here omit paying proper deference to a mode of female education which seems new among us. While in other schools our young misses are taught the arts of personal allurements only, this sensible governess pays the strictest attention to the minds of her young pupils, and endeavours to fit them for the domestic duties of life with as much assiduity as they are elsewhere formed to levity and splendour.

While Mr. Churchill was in this situation, his method of living bearing no proportion to his income, several debts were contracted in the City which he was not in a capacity of paying, and a gaol, the continual terror of indigent genius, seemed now ready to close upon his miseries. From this wretched state of uneasiness he was relieved by the benevolence of Mr. Lloyd, father to the poet of that name, who paid his debts, or at least satisfied his creditors.

In the mean time, while Mr. Lloyd the father was thus relieving Churchill by his bounty, Mr. Lloyd the son began to excite him by his example. The Actor, a poetical epistle, written by this gentleman, and addressed to Mr. Bonnel Thornton, was read and relished by all the judges of poetical merit, and gave the author a distinguished place among the writers of his age. Mr. Churchill soon

un-

undertook to write *The Rosciad*, a work, though upon a more confined plan, yet more adapted to excite public curiosity. It first came out without the name of the author, but the justness of its remarks, and, particularly, the severity of the satire, soon excited public curiosity. Though he never disowned his having written this piece, and even openly gloried in it, yet the public, unwilling to give so much merit to one alone, ascribed it to a combination of wits; nor were Messrs. Lloyd, Thornton, or Colman, left unnamed upon this occasion. This misplaced praise soon induced Mr. Churchill to throw off the mask, and the second edition appeared with his name at length; and now the fame which before was diffused upon many objects became centered to a point. As the *Rosciad* was the first of this poet's performances, so many are of opinion that it is his best; and indeed I am inclined to concur in the same sentiment. In it we find a very close and minute discussion of the particular merits of each performer, their defects pointed out with candour, and their merits praised without adulation. This poem, however, seems to be one of those few works which are injured by succeeding editions. When he became popular, his judgment began to grow drunk with applause; and we find, in the later editions men blamed whose merit is incontestable, and others praised that were at that time in no degree of esteem with the judicious, and whom, at present, even the mob are beginning to forsake.

His next performance was his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers*. This work is not without its

peculiar merit, and as it was written against a set of critics whom the world was willing enough to blame, the public read it with their usual indulgence. In this performance he shewed a peculiar happiness of throwing his thoughts, if we may so express it, into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the break or conclusion, as we find in prose.

His fame being greatly extended by these productions, his improvement in morals did not seem by any means to correspond; but while his writings amused the Town, his actions in some measure disgusted it. He now quitted his wife, with whom he had cohabited for many years; and resigning his gown and all clerical functions, commenced a complete man of the Town, got drunk, frequented stews, and, giddy with false praise, thought his talents a sufficient atonement for all his follies. Some people have been unkind enough to say that Mrs. Churchill gave the first just cause of separation; but nothing can be more false than this rumour; and we can assure the public that her conduct in private life, and among her acquaintances, was ever irreproachable.

In some measure to palliate the absurdities of his conduct, he now undertook a poem called *Night*, written upon a general subject indeed, but upon false principles, namely, that whatever our follies are, we should never undertake to conceal them. This, and Mr. Churchill's other poems, being shewn to Mr. Johnson, and his opinion being asked concerning them, he allowed them but little merit, which being told to the author, he resolved to requite this
private

private opinion with a public one. In his next poem therefore, of *The Ghost*, he has drawn this gentleman under the character of Pomposo, and those who disliked Mr. Johnson allowed it to have merit. But our poet is now dead, and justice may be heard without the imputation of envy. Though we entertain no small opinion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, yet they are neither of a size nor correctness to compare with those of the author of *The Rambler*, a work which has, in some places enlarged the circle of moral inquiry, and fixed more precise landmarks to guide Philosophy in her investigation of truth. Mr. Johnson's only reply to Mr. Churchill's abuse was, that he thought him a shallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could say nothing worse of him still.

The poems of *Night* and of *The Ghost* had not the rapid sale the author expected; but his *Prophecy of Famine* soon made ample amends for the late paroxysms in his fame. *Night* was written upon a general subject, and for that reason no way alluring; *The Ghost* was written in eight syllable verse, in which kind of measure he was not very successful; but *The Prophecy of Famine* had all those circumstances of time, place, and party, to recommend it that the author could desire; or let us use the words of Mr. Wilkes, who said, before its publication, that he was sure it must take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political. It had accordingly a rapid and an extensive sale; and it was often asserted by his admirers, that Mr. Churchill was a better poet than Mr. Pope. This exaggerated adulation, as it had before corrupted his

his morals, now began to impair his mind; several succeeding pieces were published, which being written without effort, are read without pleasure. His *Gotham*, *Independence*, *The Times*, seem merely to be written by a man who desired to avail himself of the avidity of the public curiosity in his favour, and are rather aimed at the pockets than the hearts of his readers.

How shall I trace this thoughtless man through the latter part of his conduct, in which, leaving all the milder forms of life, he became entirely guided by his native turbulence of temper, and permitted his mind to harass his body through all the various modes of debauchery! His seducing a young lady, and afterwards living with her in shameless adultery; his beating a man formerly his friend, without any previous provocation, are well known. Yet let us not be severe in judging; happy were it for him, perhaps, if ours were the only tribunal at which he was to plead for those irregularities which his mental powers rendered but more culpable!

We shall close this life of Churchill with an anecdote frequently told of him, which is to be found in *Chrysal*, vol. I. chap. 21. leaving the credit due to the story, which is much to the honour of humanity, with the reader. "The company to which
 " my new master was in such haste to go consisted
 " of a few persons whom a similarity of temper
 " had linked in the closest intimacy: with these he
 " spent the remainder of the evening in a manner
 " which few would dislike, though fewer still could
 " approve it; the spirited wit and liveliness of their
 " con-

“ conversation gilded the grossest debaucheries, at
“ the same time that the rectitude and sublimity
“ of their sentiments, whenever their hearts could
“ find opportunity to speak, made the vices of
“ their practice still more horrible by the contrast.

“ They broke not up, as it might be imagined, till
“ Nature sunk under their excesses; when my mas-
“ ter, as he staggered home, was accosted by a fe-
“ male who had something in her air and manner
“ so different from those outcasts of humanity who
“ offer themselves to casual prostitution in the
“ streets, that his curiosity was struck, and he stop-
“ ped to take more particular notice of her. She
“ appeared to be about fifteen. Her figure was
“ elegant, and her features regular, but want had
“ sicklied over their beauty, and all the horrors of
“ despair gloomed through the languid smile she
“ forced when she addressed him.

“ The sigh of distress, which never struck his
“ ear without affecting his heart, came with dou-
“ ble force from such an object. He viewed her
“ with silent compassion for some moments, and
“ reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home
“ and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the
“ night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at
“ such unexpected charity overpowered her: she
“ dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of
“ the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward
“ heaven, remained in that posture for some mo-
“ ments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude
“ that filled her heart.

“ Such a sight was more expressive than all the
“ powers of eloquence. He raised her tenderly
“ from

“ from the ground, and, soothing her with words
“ of comfort, offered to conduct her to some place
“ where she might get that refreshment of which she
“ appeared to be in too great want. “O ! Sir,” said
“ she, pressing the hand that had raised her with
“ her cold trembling lips, “my deliverer, sent
“ by Heaven to save me from despair, let me not
“ think of taking refreshment myself till I have
“ first procured it for those whose greater wants I
“ feel ten thousand times more severely than my
“ own.”

“ Who can they be ?” interrupted he, with anxious impatience. “ Can humanity feel greater wants than those under which you are sinking ?”

“ My father,” exclaimed she, bursting into tears, “ languishing under infirmities acquired in the service of his country ; my mother worn out with attending on him, and both perishing for want ; “ (Heaven grant they are not already dead !) together with two infant brothers, insensible of the cause of their distress, and crying to them for a morsel of bread, which it is not in their power to give.”

“ Where can such a scene of wretchedness be hidden from relief ? I’ll go with you myself directly. But stop ! let us first procure some comfortable nourishment from some of the houses which are kept open at this late hour for a very different purpose. Come with me ; we have no time to lose.”—With these words he went directly to a tavern, and, inquiring what victuals were dressed in the house, loaded her with as much as she
“ could

“ could carry of the best, and, putting a couple of
“ bottles of wine in his own pocket, walked with
“ her to her habitation, which was in a blind
“ alley, happily for her not very far distant, as
“ weakness, together with the conflict of passions
“ struggling in her heart, made her scarce able
“ to go.

“ When they came to the door she would have
“ gone up first for a light, but he was resolved to
“ accompany her, that he might see the whole
“ scene in its genuine colours. He therefore, fol-
“ lowed her up to the top of the house, where, open-
“ ing the door of the garret, she discovered to him
“ such a scene of misery as struck him with asto-
“ nishment. By the light of a lamp, that glimmer-
“ ed in the fireless chimney, he saw lying on a bare
“ bedstead, without any other covering than the
“ relics of their own rags, a man, a woman, and
“ two children, shuddering with cold, though hud-
“ dled together to share the little warmth which
“ exhausted nature still supplied them with.

“ While he stood gazing in horror at such com-
“ plicated wretchedness, his conductress ran to the
“ bedside, and falling on her knees, “ O! Sir! Ma-
“ dam!” (exclaimed she in rapture,) arise; I have
“ got relief from an angel of heaven!”——

“ Take care,” answered a voice, the hollow
“ trembling of which was sharpened with indig-
“ nation, take care it is not from a fiend of hell,
“ who has taken advantage of your distress to
“ tempt you to ruin; for with whom else could you
“ be till this time of night? But know, wretched
“ girl!

“ girl ! that I will never eat the earnings of Vice
“ and Infamy. A few hours will put an end to my
“ miseries, which have received the only possible
“ addition by this your folly.”

“ He must be such indeed,” interrupted my
“ master, still more struck with sentiments so un-
“ common in such a situation, “ who could think
“ of tempting her, in such circumstances, to any
“ folly. I will withdraw while you arise, and then
“ we will consult what can be soonest done to al-
“ leviate a distress of which you appear so unde-
“ serving.”— While he said this he took the wine
“ out of his pockets, and, giving it to the daugh-
“ ter, went directly down stairs without waiting
“ for a reply, and, walking back and forward in
“ the street for some time, enjoyed the sublimest
“ pleasure the human heart is capable of, in con-
“ sidering how he had relieved, and should farther
“ relieve the sufferings of objects so worthy of
“ relief.

“ By the time he thought they might have
“ learned from their daughter the circumstances
“ of her meeting with him, and taken some nour-
“ ishment, he returned to them, when the mo-
“ ment he entered the room, the whole family fell
“ upon their knees to thank him. Such humiliati-
“ on was more than he could bear. He raised
“ them, one by one, as fast as he could, and, tak-
“ ing the father’s hand, “ Gracious God !” said he,
“ can a sense of humanity be such an uncommon
“ thing among creatures who call themselves hu-
“ man, that so poor an exertion of it should be
“ thought

“thought deserving of a return proper to be
“made only to Heaven? Oppress me not, Sir, I
“conjure you, with the mention of what it would
“have been a crime I could never have forgiven
“myself to have known I had not done. It is too
“late to think of leaving this place before to-mor-
“row, when I will provide a better, if there is not
“any to which you chuse particularly to go. I am
“not rich, but thank Heaven that it has blessed
“me with ability and inclination to afford such as-
“sistance as may be immediately necessary to you,
“till means may be thought of for doing more.”

“O! Sir,” answered the mother, “well might
“my daughter call you an angel of heaven; you
“know not from what misery you have already
“relieved”—

“Nor will I know more of it at this time,” in-
“terrupted my master, “than that which I too
“plainly see. I will leave you now to your rest,
“and return as soon as it is day.”

“Speak not of leaving us, Sir,” exclaimed the
“daughter, who was afraid that if he should go
“away he might not return; “what rest can we
“take in so short a time? Leave us not, I beseech
“you; leave us not, in this place.”—

“Cease, my child!” interrupted the father,
“nor press your benefactor to continue in a scene
“of misery that must give pain to his humane
“heart.”—

“If my staying will not give you pain” an-
“swered my master, “I will most willingly stay;
“but it must be on condition that our conversation

“ points entirely forward to happier days: there
“ will be time enough hereafter to look back.” —

“ Saying this, he sat down on the bed-side (for
“ other seat the apartment afforded none) be-
“ tween the husband and wife, with whom he
“ spent the little remainder of the night in such
“ discourse as he thought most likely to divert their
“ attention from their present misery, and inspire
“ their minds with better hopes, while the chil-
“ dren, all but the daughter, who hung upon his
“ words, comforted at heart with a better meal
“ than they had long tasted, fell fast asleep as they
“ leaned their heads upon their mother’s lap.

“ As soon as it was day, “Now, Madam,” said
“ my master, addressing himself to the mother, “ I
“ will go and provide a place for your reception,
“ as you say all places are alike to you. In the
“ mean time accept of this trifle (giving her ten
“ guineas) to provide such necessaries as you may
“ indispensably want before you remove: when you
“ are settled we will see what further can be done.
“ I shall be back with you within these three hours
“ at most.”

“ For such beneficence there was no possibility
“ of returning thanks; but their hearts spoke
“ through their eyes in a language sufficiently in-
“ telligible to his. Departing directly, to save
“ both himself and them the pain of pursuing a
“ conversation that grew too distressful, he went,
“ without regard to change of dress or appearance,
“ to look for a proper lodging for them, where he
“ laid in such provisions of every kind as he knew
“ they

“they must immediately want. This care employed him till the time he had promised to return, when he found such an alteration in the looks and appearance of them all as gave his heart delight.

“You see, Sir,” said the mother, as soon as he entered, “the effects of your bounty; but do not think that vanity has made us abuse it. These clothes, what we could raise on which has for some time been our sole support, were the purchase of happier times, and were now redeemed for much less than we must have given for the worst we could buy.”—

“Dear Madam!” interrupted my master, taking her hand respectfully, “mention not any thing of the kind to me, I beseech you. You will soon see such times again.” Then turning to the husband, “I have taken a lodging, Sir,” continued he; “it is convenient but not large, as I imagined would be your choice. I will call a coach to take us to it directly. If there are any demands here, let the people of the house be called up, and they shall be paid. I will be your purse-bearer for the present.”

“No, Sir,” replied the husband, “there are not any; you have enabled us to discharge all demands upon us. People in our circumstances cannot find credit, because they want it.”

“My master would then have gone for a coach, but the daughter insisted on saving him that trouble; upon which he put the whole family into it, and walked away before them to their

“ new lodging. It is impossible to describe what
“ these poor people felt when they saw the provi-
“ sion he had made for their reception. The father,
“ in particular, could not bear it, but sinking into
“ a chair, “ This is too much ! ” said he, as soon as
“ a flood of tears had given vent to the fulness of
“ his heart; “ this is too much. Support me, gra-
“ cious Heaven ! who has sent this best of men to
“ my relief ; support me under the weight of obli-
“ gations which the preservation of these alone
“ (looking round upon his wife and children) could
“ induce me to accept.”—Then addressing him-
“ self to my master, “ My heart is not unthankful,”
“ continued he ; “ but gratitude in such excess as
“ mine, where there is no prospect of ever making
“ a return, is the severest pain.”

“ My master, who sought none, attempted often
“ to give the conversation another turn ; but find-
“ ing that they could speak or think of nothing
“ else as yet, he took his leave, promising to come
“ the next day, when their minds should be better
“ settled, to consult what more was in his power to
“ serve them, having first privately taken an op-
“ portunity to slip a couple of guineas into the
“ daughter’s hand, to avoid the putting the delica-
“ cy of her father and mother to farther pain.”



DEDICATION.

HEALTH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,

Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flatt'ry—'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine :
To speak ev'n bitter truths I cannot fear ;
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.

Health to great Glo'ster—nor, thro' love of ease,

Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave,
For I, alas ! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Glo'ster health ;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth

Here take a false alarm—In purse tho' poor
 In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
 The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free :
 I, tho' a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
 Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share ;
 I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
 Which poms of this world never could control,
 Which never offer'd up at pow'r's vain shrine,
 Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on
 mine.

'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
 'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
 'Tis not thy title, Doctor tho' thou art,
 'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce ; names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft' misplac'd ; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue ; who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin ;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
 'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
 Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
 Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
 Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
 Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
 The force of Love, and point his blunted dart ;

'Tis



'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul; tho' there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and thro' thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find,
When thou art to thyself, thy fire unknown,
A whole Welsh genealogy alone?

No; 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source, thy
mind,

Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst
men,

Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen.
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise:
Rais'd by that theme I soar on wings more
strong,
And burst forth into praise with-held too long.

Much did I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those
sheep

Which, for my curse, I was ordained to keep;
Or-

Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
 Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's
 voice,
 Which did not know, yet would not learn their
 way,
 Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I
 should stray;
 Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
 Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
 Kept well, yet starv'd himself, ev'n at that time,
 Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,
 Whilst, sacred Dulness ever in my view,
 Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
 Much did I wish, tho' little could I hope,
 A friend in him, who was the friend of Pope.

His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide,
 And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
 His temper, his experience shall control,
 And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;
 His judgment teach me, from the critic school,
 How not to err, and how to err by rule;
 Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
 Where POPE was wrong, where SHAKESPEARE
 was not right;
 Where they are justly prais'd, and where thro'
 whim,
 How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd

Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,
 Of common-sense, of modern, antient schools,
 Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,
 Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
 He, by his great example, might impart
 A better something, and baptize it Art ;
 He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
 Might shew me what is taste, by what is not ;
 By him supported, with a proper pride,
 I might hold all mankind as fools beside ;
 He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown,
 Explode his maxims, and assert their own)
 Might teach me, like himself, to be content,
 And let their folly be their punishment ;
 Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,
 'Gainst all the World, to quote a WAR-
 BURTON.

Fool that I was ! could I so much deceive
 My soul with lying hopes ? could I believe
 That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
 The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
 From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
 The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
 For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
 On which so much depended, for a rhyme ?
 Should he forsake the task he undertook,
 Desert his flock, and break his past'ral crook ?
 Should he (forbid it Heaven ! so high in place,
 So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,
 And,

And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muse's hill, 125
 Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from
 thee

Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
 The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
 Not so, not so, hath WARBURTON been taught,
 Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day, well
 known,

When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
 He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
 See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,
 And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
 Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
 Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
 And chill with horror ev'ry sinner's soul—
 In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
 And POTTER trembles even in his grave—
 With all the conscious pride of innocence,
 Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
 By Gospel rules, is witness to be true.

O Glorious Man! thy zeal I must commend,
 Tho' it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
 The real motives of thy anger known,
 WILKES must the justice of that anger own;
 And, could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
 Pity'd himself, in turn hath pity'd you.

Bred

Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
 Which I, like *Demas*, foolishly laid down;
 Hence double strength our *Holy Mother* drew;
 Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
 I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
 Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
 Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
 But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd attorneyship
 With better purpose, and more noble aim,
 And wisely played a more substantial game:
 Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger son,
 For MANSFIELD does what GLO'STER would
 have done.

Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and My Lord!
 If haply these high titles may accord
 With thy meek spirit; if the barren sound
 Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
 Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one,
 For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
 Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
 And without envy, sees thee plac'd so high:
 Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
 Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
 Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
 And wonted pow'rs of knowing good from ill,
 Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from
 foes;
 Let GLO'STER well remember, how he rose.

Nor

Nor turn his back on men who made him
great;

Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk
with state,

Forget what once he was, tho' now so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

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*It is presumed the sudden death of the Author will
sufficiently apologize for the Dedication remaining
unfinished.*

THE
ROSCIAD.

VOL. I.

B

THE
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Vol. I. B

T H E
R O S C I A D.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
 Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair;
 The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
 No longer whine in love, and rant and rage;
 The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
 And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
 And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare Merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
 We form our judgment in another way;
 And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
 Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of Merit, force of Bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
 Appear as often as their image there:
 They can't, like candidate for other feat,
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.

THE ROSCIAD.

3

When, in discoursing on each mimic self,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and ACKMAN, bids as fair
In such a court, as GARRICK, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd ;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a tryal :—Who ?

For JOHNSON some, but JOHNSON, it was
fear'd, [pear'd;
Would be too grave; and STERNE too gay ap-
Others for FRANKLIN voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For COLMAN many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
For MURPHY some few *pils*'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst FOLLY clapp'd her hands and WISDOM
star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's
womb,
- Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise ;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
- A pert prim Prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice strok'd his
band—

6 THE ROSCIAD:

" At friendship's call, (thus oft with trait'rous
" aim,

" Men, void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)

" At friendship's call I come, by MURPHY sent,

" Who thus by me *developes* his intent.

" But lest, *transfus'd*, the Spirit should be lost,

" That Spirit, which in-forms of *Rhet'rick* toft,

" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,

" In his own words his own intentions hear.

" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes
" born,

" No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

" Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

" Vain all my wit,—for what is wit in law ? [gain

" 'Twice (curs'd rememb'rance !) twice I strove to

" Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,

" Who in the TEMPLE and GRAY'S-INN prepare

" For client's wretched feet the legal snare ;

" Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,

" Deaf to all worth, because that worth was MINE,

" Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,

" And, foul rejection ! gave me up to shame.

" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,

" And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.

" Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breast

" Burns for that Chair which Roscius once pos-
" sefs'd.

" Here give your votes, your int'rest *here* exert,

" And let Success for *once* attend Desert."

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,

- || And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,

The

THE ROSCIAD.

7

The Proteus HILL put in his *modest* plea,
 "Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
 For who, like him, his various pow'rs could call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
 Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
 Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
 Knows any one so well sure no one knows,—
 At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
 Who can? — But WOODWARD came, — HILL
 slipp'd away,
 Melting, like ghosts before the rising day.

With that *low* CUNNING which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave;
 With that *smooth* FALSHOOD whose appearance
 charms,
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
 Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day and Butchers in the night;
 With that *malignant* ENVY, which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
 With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 || *What's basely done, should be done safely too;*

B. 4.

With

With that *dull, rooted, callous* IMPUDENCE,
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading VICE's snares,
 She blunder'd on some Virtue *unawares*;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
 A Motley Figure, of the FRIBBLE Tribe,
 Which Heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
 Came *simp'ring* on; to ascertain whose sex
 Twelve sage impannell'd Matrons would perplex.
 Nor *Male*, nor *Female*; *Neither*, and yet both;
 Of *Neuter* Gender, tho' of *Irish* growth;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in his gait;
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
 Fearful *it* seem'd tho' of Athletic make,
 Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly shake,
Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread
 O'er *its* pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did *It* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phrase,
 Of Genius and of Taste, of Play'rs and Plays;
 Much too of writings, which *Itself* had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note;
 For fate, in a strange humour had decreed
 That what *It* wrote, none but itself should read;
 Much too *It* chatter'd of *Dramatick* Laws,
 Misjudging Critics, and misplac'd applause,
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It *smil'd*, *it* *smirk'd*, *it* *wriggl'd* to the chair;
 And with an aukward briskness not its own,
 Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
 Triumphant

THE ROSCIAD. 9

Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
 Dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain COMMON SENSE, appear'd, by Nature there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the Chair.
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To *Its* first state of Nothing melted down.

Nor shall the MUSE (for even there the pride
 Of this *vain Nothing* shall be mortified)
 Nor shall the MUSE (should Fate ordain her rhimes,
 Fond pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
 With such a Trifler's name her pages blot ;
 Known be the Character, the *Thing* forgot ;
 Let *It*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without Sex, and die without a Name !

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd their last ; whose sluggish blood, half-
 froze, [glows,
 Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins ; whose heart ne'er
 With fancy-kindled heat :—A servile race,
 Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place ;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules ;
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but SOPHOCLES alone.
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

10 T H E R O S C I A D.

When, from amidst the throng, a Youth stood
forth,

Unknown his person not unknown his worth ;
His looks bespoke applause ; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame ;
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
“ Must we turn base apostates to our own ?
“ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
“ That England may not please the ear as well ?
“ What mighty magic's in the place or air,
“ That all perfection needs must centre there ?
“ In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd ;
“ In state of letters, Merit should be heard.
“ Genius is of no country, her pure ray
“ Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day :
“ Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
“ And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
“ May not, to give a pleasing fancy scope,
“ And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope ;
“ May not some great extensive genius raise,
“ The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise,
“ And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
“ Make England great in Letters as in Arms ?
“ There may—there hath—and SHAKESPEARE'S
 muse aspires
“ Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires,
 “ Mounting

- “ Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 “ Whilst SOPHOCLES below stands trembling at
 “ his height.
 “ Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 “ When abler judges we may find at home?
 “ Happy in tragic and in comic pow’rs,
 “ Have we not SHAKESPEARE—Is not JOHN
 “ SON OURS?
 “ For them, your nat’ral Judges, Britons, vote;
 “ They’ll judge like Britons, who like Britons
 “ wrote.”

He said, and conquer’d—Sense resum’d her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk’d away.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, with deserv’d ap-
 plause,

Joint-judges were ordain’d to try the cause:
 Mean-time the stranger ev’ry voice employ’d,
 To ask or tell his name.—“ Who is it?—LLOYD.”

Thus, when aged friends of JOB stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent gave up the dispute,
 ELIHU, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth:
 Confuted Falshood, and disabled pride,
 Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of tryal’s fix’d, nor any fear
 Left day of tryal should be put off here:
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art,
With decent modesty, perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support :
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here ;
No gowns-men, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As MANSFIELD wise, and as old FORSTER just.

x In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE: — In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view :
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Next

Next JOHNSON sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid Judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.

The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted Penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source,
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.

The Coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools hung out, their brother fools deter'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law. =

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at APOLLO's shrine;
Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dulness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, ORDER came,—with solemn step, and
slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest This should quit his place, That step awry.

Appearances

Appearances to save his only care;
 So things seem right, no matter what they are.
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
 Begotten by fir Critic on saint Prude.

Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute*;
 Next *snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute*:
 Legions of angels all in white advance;
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance:
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
 Next came the treasurer of either house;
 One with full purse, t'other with not a sou.

Behind a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
 Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here HAVARD, all serene, in the same strains,
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty DAVIES.—On my life,
 That DAVIES hath a very pretty wife!
 Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next HOLLAND came.—With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies.—A Hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
 Planted their batteries against the skies,
 Attitude,

Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
 By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.
 The actor who would build a solid fame,
 Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
 Act from himself on his own bottom stand,
 I hate e'en GARRICK thus at second hand.

Behind came KING.—Bred up in modest lore,
 Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
 From her his Features caught the gen'rous flame,
 And bid defiance to all sense of shame:
 Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
 'Mongst DRURY's sons he comes, and shines in
 BRASS.

LO YATES!—Without the least finesse of art
 He gets applause!—I wish he'd get his part.
 When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely “Hark'e! Hark'e!” grates the ear?
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
 I hate those careless blunders which recall
 Suspending sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where nature's coarsest features we behold,

Where,

Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace;
 Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face;
 There YATES with justice strict attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself and gains applause.
 But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life,
 When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The fop, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like TOM ERRAND dress'd in CLINCHER'S
 cloaths.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
 Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of YATES.

WOODWARD, endow'd with various powr's of
 face,

Great master in the science of grimace;
 From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
 Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
 A squeaking Harlequin made up of whim,
 He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
 Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
 And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
 We laugh indeed but on reflection's birth,
 We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
 His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
 And inclination fondly took for taste;
 Hence hath the Town so often seen display'd
 Beau in Burlesque, High Life in Masquerade.

But

But when bold Wits, not such as patch up plays,
 Cold and correct in these insipid days,
 Some comic character, strong-featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
 Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
 And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
 Where critics can't determinè on the spot,
 Whether it is in Nature found or not,
 There WOODWARD safely shall his power's exert,
 Nor fail of favour where he shews desert.
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
 Such worthy praises, Kitley scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kinds of shapes,
 Constant to none, FOOTE laughs, cries, struts,
 and scrapes :

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, Bawd, Parson, Auctionier.
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.
 Doth a man stutter, look-asquint, or halt?
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault:
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
 Whom having made she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
 And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of FOOTE and WOODWARD
 came;

- WILKINSON this, OBRIEN was that name.
 Strange

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
 That even shadows have their shadows too!
 With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood.
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows,
 In JOHNSON'S Stephen, which way Genius grows;
 Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
 To put on WOODWARD in each mangled part;
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
 His voice, and croaks; for WOODWARD croak'd
 before.

When the dull copier simple grace neglects,
 And rests his Imitation in Defects,
 We readily forgive; but such vile arts
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her pervers'est mood,
 With no one requisite of art endu'd,
 Next JACKSON came—Observe that settled glare,
 Which better speaks a Puppet than a Play'r;
 List to that voice—did ever DISCORD hear
 Sounds so well-fitted to her untun'd ear?
 When, to enforce some very tender part,
 The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
 His soul, of every other thought bereft,
 Is anxious only where to place the left;
 He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
 To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
 Aukward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill,
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from to'other.

Some

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
 Plead Custom's force, and still possess the stage.
 That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
 And err, because our fathers err'd before?
 If inattentive to the author's mind,
 Some actors made the jest they could not find,
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mein,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
 When FALSTAFF stands detected in a lye,
 Why, without meaning, rowls LOVE's glassy eye?
 Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
 know—

It was the Fashion twenty years ago.

Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use
 Their knavery and folly to excuse,
 To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
 To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars where MODE prevails)
 If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All GENTLEMEN are melancholy mad,
 When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
 To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
 Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
 An act of Toleration for the stage,
 And courtiers will like reasonable creatures,
 Suspend vain Fashion, and unscrew their features,—
 Old

Old FALSTAFF, play'd by LOVE, shall please once
more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, LOVE, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag FALSTAFF's dang'rous aid;
Like GOths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you with him to defend,
In a peculiar mould by HUMOUR cast,
For FALSTAFF fam'd—Himself the First and
Last—

He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of DOMINIC,
And BONIFACE, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In ANNO DOMINI, of FALSTAFF's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing slow,
A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest;

At

At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.

“ ’Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
“ To arm satyric truth against a play’r?
“ Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
“ Actors, unlash’d themselves, may lash mankind.”

What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib’ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos’d by Things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No,—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the muse freely thinks, she’ll freely speak;
With just disdain of ev’ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix’d, and to herself a rule,
Public Contempt shall wait the Public Fool.

AUSTIN would always glisten in French silks,
ACKMAN would Norris be, and PACKER, Wilkes.
For who, like ACKMAN, can with humour please?
Who can, like PACKER, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see BRANSBY strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could shew
A man so very high, so very Low.

If I forget thee, BLAKES, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see the play.

Let

Let critics, with a supercilious air,
 Decry thy various merit, and declare
 Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
 Which in attacking thee attacks the age.
 French follies, universally embrac'd,
 At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
 At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
 Have BRITONS drawn their sport, with partial view,
 Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
 Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
 Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
 At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
 And sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
 Taught by thee, MOODY, we now learn to raise
 Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer BAYES*,
 From Alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
 Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
 With WITS who cannot write, and scarce can read.
 Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
 No more from ELLIOT's worth they reap applause.
 Each on himself determines to rely,
 Be YATES disbanded, and let ELLIOT fly.
 Never did play'rs so well an Authour fit,
 To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.
 So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
 So much they talk'd, so very little said,
 So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
 At once so willing and unfit to reign,

That

That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty MASTER's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom Dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great MURPHY came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and 'SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him PLAY'R.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If Symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease,
When motionless he stands, we all approve ;
What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.

His voice, in one dull deep unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion-tears the passion into rags.

Can none remember? Yes, — I know all must —
 When in the MOOR he ground his teeth to dust,
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
 Whilst COMMON-SENSE stood trembling at the
 door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd,
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
 All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.
 Bred at St. OMER's to the Shuffling trade,
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
 With various reading stor'd his empty skull,
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
 Or at some banker's desk, like many more,
 Content to tell that two and two make four,
 His name had stood in CITY ANNALS fair,
 And PRUDENT DULLNESS mark'd him for a
 MAYOR.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
 Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains?
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
 Or might not reason, e'en to thee, have shewn
 Thy greatest praise had been to live UNKNOWN?
 Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in SMITHFIELD view,
 To sacred DULLNESS and her FIRST-BORN due,
 Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
 Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.

SHUTTER

SHUTTER himself shall own thy juster claim,
 And VENAL LEIDGERS puff their MURPHY's name,
 Whilst VAUGHAN or DAPPER, call him which
 you will,
 Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,
 Nor once shall GENIUS rise to give offence;
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
 And LITTLE FACTIONS break thy rest no more.

From COVENT-GARDEN crowds promiscuous go,
 Whom the muse knows not, nor desires to know.
 Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
 Than if, till that time, arms they never bore;
 Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
 Asham'd among such troops to shew their head,
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

SPARKS at his glass sat comfortably down
 To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
 SMITH the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
 SMITH was just gone to school to say his part,
 ROSS (a misfortune which we often meet)
 Was fast asleep at dear STATIRA's feet;
 STATIRA, with her hero to agree,
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
 MACKLIN, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
 Whose Acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
 Whose features as each other they disdain'd,

At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
 Ne'er know the workings of united force,
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
 Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
 To worthier thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd,
 Harangu'd, gave Lectures, made each simple elf
 Almost as good a speaker as himself;
 Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
 An aukward rage of ELOCUTION feel;
 Dull CITS and grave DIVINES his praise proclaim,
 And join with SHERIDAN's their MACKLIN's name.
 SHUTER, who never car'd a single pin
 Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
 Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
 The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
 At Islington, all by the placid stream
 Where city swains in lap of Dullness dream,
 Where, quiet as her strains their strains *do* flow,
 That all the patron by the bards may know;
 Secret at night, with ROLT's experienc'd aid,
 The plan of future operations laid,
 Projected schemes the summer months to chear,
 And spin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though these dastard-chiefs are
 fled,

That COVENT-GARDEN troops shall want a head:
 Harlequin comes to their chief!—see from afar,
 The hero seated in fantastic car!

Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;

On

On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
 And on the other, his arch-patron LUN.
 Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
 Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
 Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
 Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
 Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
 Gorgons and hydras, and Chimæras dire.
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
 Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
 The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
 The Town, as usual, knew no reason why.
 But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
 On Fashion's mould'ring base, their transient praise.)

Next to the field a band of females draw
 Their force; for Britain owns no Salique Law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.)

First, gigling, plotting chamber-maids arrive
 Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral CLIVE. ?
 In spite of outward blemishes she shone;
 For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
 Easy as if at Home the stage she trod;
 Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please. }
 No comic actresses ever yet could raise,
 On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
 Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
 See lively POPE advance in jig, and trip
 = Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
 Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
 She charms the town with humour just yet new.
 Chear'd by her promise, we the less deplore
 The fatal time when CLIVE shall be no more,

Lo! VINCENT comes—with simple grace ar-
 ray'd ;
 She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
 Nature through her is by reflection shewn ;
 Whilst GAY once more knows POLLY for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear —
 I see it all, but must forgive it HERE.
 Defects like these which MODEST terrors cause,
 From Impudence itself extort applause.
 Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part ;
 We love e'en foibles in so good an heart.

Let TOMMY ARNE, with usual pomp or stile,
 Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
 — Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
 Deals music out as MURPHY deals out Wit,
 Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
 And chant the praise of an ITALIAN tribe ;
 Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
 And teach e'en BRENT a method not to please ;
 But never shall a TRULY BRITISH Age
 Bear a vile race of EUNUCHS on the stage.

The

The boasted work's call'd NATIONAL in vain,
 If one ITALIAN voice pollutes the strain.
 Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
 Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
 To BRITONS, far more noble pleasures spring,
 In native notes, whilst BEARD and VINCENT sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
 What rival should with YATES dispute her claim?
 But justice may not partial trophies raise,
 Nor sink the Actress in the Woman's praise.
 Still, hand in hand, her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show: ||
 For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
 We no variety of passions trace;
 Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
 No kindred-softness can those eyes impart;
 The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
 Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
 Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
 Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
 Some want the striking elegance of Ease;
 The curious eye their aukward movement tires;
 They seem like puppets led about by wires.
 Others, like statues, in one posture still,
 Give great ideas of the workman's skill:
 Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
 And only grieve he gave not motion too.
 Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
 It is the manner which gives strength to all.

This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
 And brings them forward in the noblest light.
 Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
 With transient gleam of grace, HART sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
 A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
 Where, Union rare, Expression's lively force,
 With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
 Attract the eye ; if feelings, void of art,
 Rouze the quick passions, and enflame the heart ;
 If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
 Captives the ear, BRIDE must not pass unlung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat ;
 When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
 Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age ;
 When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece ;
 When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
 Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
 Shall kindly drop, then BRIDE shall make her way,
 And merit find a passage to the day ;
 Brought into action she at once shall raise
 Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
 With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
 Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
 To turn and wind the passions as she will ;
 To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
 Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow ;

To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
 And freeze the Soul with horror and despair;
 With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
 Conscious of worth superior, CIBBER came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
 And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
 Struck with her grief I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view,
 The roof cracks, shakes, and falls! — New horrors
 And Reason buried in the ruin lies. [rise,

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
 She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
 And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond Ambition drawn aside,
 Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
 She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
 To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
 I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
 Or find out CIBBER through the dark disguise.

PRITCHARD, by Nature for the stage design'd,
 In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
 Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
 Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
 She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;

When Love, Hate, Jealousy, Despair and Rage,
 With wildest Tumults in her breast engage;
 Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
 Her passions are the passions of a Queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous Thane,
 I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Perfuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-strung.

In Comedy — “Nay, there,” cries Critic, hold.
 “PRITCHARD's for Comedy too fat and old.
 “Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
 “Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
 “Her Speech, Look, Action, Humour, all are just;
 “But then, her age and figure give disgust.”

Are Foibles then, and Graces of the mind,
 In real life to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
 As we grow old doth affectation cease,
 Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
 If in originals these things appear,
 Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage;
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find;
 Which when the best of Actors shall exceed,
 Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All

All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where;
 For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
 An audience too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
 That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste fallies, Judgment's solid worth;
 When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into Sense, and ev'ry action's Thought;
 Before such merit all objections fly;
 PRITCHARD's genteel, and GARRICK's six feet
 high.

Oft have I, PRITCHARD, seen thy wond'rous
 skill,
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
 That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
 The JEALOUS WIFE!—On that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the Author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of Romance
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love;
 MOSSOP and BARRY came.—Names ne'er de-
 sign'd
 By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.

Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
 They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame ;
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
 Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim :
 But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,
 Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man :
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming
 skill,
 The right-hand labours, and the left lies still.
 For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
 With studied impropriety of speech,
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait,
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables ;
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright
 the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
 Behold where BARRY draws admiring eyes !

When

When lab'ring passions in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage and struggling heave for vent ;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm :
 But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell ;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like BARRY, with such pains, can err
 In elocution, action, character ?

What man could give, if BARRY was not here,
 Such well applauded tenderness to Lear ?

Who else can speak so very very fine,
 That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there.
 Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim. —
 From whence we learn, with no great stretch of
 art,
 Five lines hence comes a ghost, and Ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
 Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
 We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught ;
 He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
 And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin,

QUIN, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
 A Stage Leviathan, put in his claim.
 Pupil of BETTERTON and BOOTH. Alone,
 Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
 For how should Moderns, mushrooms of the day,
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
 Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
 Extol the times when they themselves were young;
 Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age,
 Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
 Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread
 Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead.
 But, just to living merit, she maintains,
 And dares the test, whilst GARRICK's Genius
 reigns;

Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
 Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
 But though prescription's force we disallow,
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
 Though we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place;
 Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
 Due praise, nor must we, QUIN, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
 strong;
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.

No.

No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech ! Is that all ?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground ?

Parrots themselves speaks properly by rote,

And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.)

I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,)

Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ;)

With strict propriety their care's confin'd

To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.

To Syllable disectors, they appeal,

Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel ;

But Spite of all the criticising elves,

Those who would make us feel, must feel them-
selves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,

Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.

Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,

Too proud for Tenderness, too dull for Rage.

When Hector's lovely widow shines in Tears,

Or Rowe's gay Rake dependant Virtue jeers,

With the same cast of features he is seen

To chide the Libertine and court the Queen.)

From the same scene, which without passion flows,

With just desert his reputation rose.

Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,

He was, at once, the Actor and the Man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree

GARRICK's not half so great a brute as he.

When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,

With equal praise the Actor labour'd too,

For

For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
 Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
 He could not for a moment sink the Man.
 In whate'er cast his character was laid,
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, — still 'twas QUIN.

Next follows SHERIDAN. — A doubtful name,
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
 This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
 Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
 Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
 Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
 His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
 Was speech-fam'd QUIN himself to hear him
 speak,

Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
 But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
 Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face,
 Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
 Passions, like chaos in confusion lie:

In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
 To form distinction Nature hath deny'd.

His voice no touch of harmony admits,
 Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
 Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His

His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
 That Candour must declare he acts too much.
 Why must impatience fall three paces back ?
 Why paces three return to the attack ?
 Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
 Unless in motion semicircular ?
 Why must the hero with the Nailer vie,
 And hurl the close clench'd fist at nose or eye ?
 In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
 I thought he would have knock'd poor DAVIES
 down.

Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame,
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise ;
 And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies.
 Behold him sound the depth of HUBERT's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll.
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him Merit if you can.
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone ;
 Where he succeeds, the Merit's all his own.

Last GARRICK came.—Behind him throng a
 train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—“ He's of stature somewhat
 low,—
 “ Your Hero always should be tall you know,—
 “ True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.”
 Produce your voucher, Critic.—“ Serjeant KYTE.”
 Another

Another can't forgive the paltry arts,
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
 “Avaunt, unnat’ral start, affected pause.

For me, by Nature form’d to judge with
 phlegm,

I can’t acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

excess—The best things carried to ~~excess~~ are wrong:—
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
 But, only us’d in proper time and place,
 Severest judgment must allow them Grace.

If Bunglers, form’d on Imitation’s plan,
 Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
 Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
 And pause and start with the same vacant face;
 We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.

But when, from Nature’s pure and genuine source,
 These strokes of Acting flow with gen’rous force,
 When in the features all the soul’s pourtray’d,
 And passions, such as GARRICK’s, are display’d,
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
 Each start is Nature; and each pause is Thought.

When Reason yields to passion’s wild alarms,
 And the whole state of man is up in arms;
 What, but a Critic, could condemn the Play’r,
 For pausing here, when Cool Sense pauses there?
 Whilst,

Whilst, working from the Heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the Face ;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man ;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain :
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay ;
Nor stung with envy, nor with Spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd ;
Hence to thy praises, GARRICK, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with
Thee.

Now might I tell how silence, reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout :
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire :
But, loose to Fame, the muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with Judgment weigh'd each
Claim,
And in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great SHAKESPEARE thus de-
creed :

“ If manly Sense ; if Nature link'd with Art
“ If thorough knowledge of the Human Heart ;
“ If

- “ If Pow’rs of acting vast and unconfin’d ;
“ If fewest Faults, with greatest Beauties join’d ;
“ If strong Expression, and strange Pow’rs, which
“ lie
“ Within the magic circle of the Eye ;
“ If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
“ And which no face so well as His can show ;
“ Deserve the Preference ;—GARRICK, take the
“ Chair ;
“ Nor quit it — ’till Thou place an Equal there.”

THE

THE

APOLOGY.

THE
APOLLO

THE
 A P O L O G Y.
 ADDRESSED TO THE
 CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when Giants, big with
 pride,
 Assume the pompous port, the martial stride ;
 O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
 Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield ;
 With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
 And dare to single combat—What ?—A Fly.

And laugh we less, when Giant names, which
 shine
 Establish'd, as it were, by *right divine* ;
 CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
 To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores ;
 Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
 And hold, *ASTRÆA* like, the scales of Wit ;
 With partial rage rush forth,—Oh ! shame to tell !
 To crush a bard just bursting from the shell ?

Great

Great are his perils in this stormy time
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of Rhime.
 Around vast furies roll, winds envious blow,
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below,
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
 The same employment's cause of kindness made;
 At least appearance of good will creates;
 And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:
 Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
 And in the common cause e'en Play'rs unite.
 Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
 Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
 The pride of Nature would as soon admit
 Competitors in empire as in wit:
 Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
 And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of Honour,—or the Pence,
 O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
 If any novice in the rhiming trade,
 With lawless pen the realms of verse invade;
 Forth from the court, where scepter'd sages sit,
 Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit;
 Where in lethargic Majesty they reign,
 And what they won by dullness still maintain;
 Legions of factious authors throng at once;
 Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
 To HAMILTON's the Ready Lies repair;—
 Ne'er was Lye made which was not welcome there.
Thence,

Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falshood's into public brought.

Quick circulating slanders mirth afford, }
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word. }

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame ;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
His Judgment great and great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
Secure he walk'd for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh strange reverse ! our Critics bawl
In praise of Candour with a Heart of Gall. |
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night :
Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.

When first my muse, perhaps more bold than
wise,

Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak,
ROSCIADS, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought ! a Critic's fury knows no bound ;
DRAWCANSIR like, HE deals destruction round ;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend VOLTAIRE.

Unhappy Genius ! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state ;

Where

Where the reluctant muse, oppress'd by kings,
 Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
 In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
 The bigot's furious zeal and tyrant's scorn.
 Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
 Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here ?
 Thus, when the Julian Tyrant's pride to swell
 Rome with her POMPEY at Pharsalia fell,
 The vanquish'd chief escap'd from CÆSAR's hand
 To die by ruffian's in a foreign land.

How could these self-erected monarchs raise
 So large an empire on so small a base ?
 In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
 Did Genius sleep when Dullness seiz'd the throne ?
 Whence absolute now grown, and free from awe,
 She to the subject world dispenses law.
 Without her licence, not a letter stirs ;
 And all the captive criss-cross-row is hers.
 The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
 Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
 Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
 Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say ?
 Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason,
 In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
 True judgment now with them alone can dwell ;
 Like church of Rome they're grown infallible.
 Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
 Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
 And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe !
 But why repine we, that these puny Elves
 Shoot into Giants ?—We may thank ourselves ;

Fools

Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
 The Calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
 But let true Reason once resume her reign,
 This God shall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
 By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
 Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
 And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
 At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
 Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear.
 Prudence forbid that step.—Then all might know,
 And on more equal terms engage the foe.
 But now, what Quixote of the age would care
 To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
 By int'rest join'd, th' expert confed'rates stand,
 And play the game into each others hand.
 The vile abuse in turn by all deny'd,
 Is bandy'd up and down from side to side;
 It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
 'Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
 And publish ev'ry name—except their own.
 Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
 The nameless author passes in disguise.
 But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,
 If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
 Once seen, they know an author evermore,
 Nay swear to hands they never saw before.

Thus in the ROSCIAD, -beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.

“ That’s LLOYD’S—his manner there you plainly
“ trace,

“ And all the ACTOR stares you in the face.

“ By COLMAN that was written.—On my life,

“ The strongest symptoms of the JEALOUS WIFE.

“ That little disingenuous piece of spite,

“ CHURCHILL, a wretch unknown, perhaps might
“ write.”

How doth it make judicious readers smile,

When authors are detected by their stile :

‘Tho’ ev’ry one who knows this author, knows

He shifts his stile much oftner than his cloaths?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,

‘The Muse a trisler, and her theme so mean?

What had I done, that angry HEAVEN should send

The bitt’rest Foe where most I wish’d a Friend?

Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,

And hail’d the honours of thy matchless fame.

For me let hoary FIELDING bite the ground

So nobler PICKLE stand superbly bound.

From LIVY’S temples tear th’ historic crown,

Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.

Compar’d with thee be all life-writers dumb,

But he who wrote the life of TOMMY THUMB.

Who ever read the REGICIDE, but swore

‘The author wrote as man ne’er wrote before!

Others for plots and under plots may call,

Here’s the right method—have no plot at all.

Who

Who can so often in his cause engage
 The tiny Pathos of the Grecian stage,
 Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
 At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!?
 To praise his NERVOUS WEAKNESS all agree;
 And, then, for sweetness, who so sweet as he?
 Too big for utterance when sorrows swell
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell:
 But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
 Why—then the voice must speak again you know.

Rude and unskilful in the Poet's trade,
 I kept no NAIADS by me ready-made;
 Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
 Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
 No flimsy linsy-woolsey scenes I wrote,
 With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
 Me humbler themes besit: Secure, for me,
 Let Playrights smuggle nonsense duty free:
 Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
 And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground,
 Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn
 Lick SYLVIA's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
 Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove,
 Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove;
 Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
 And play the coxcomb in the DESART ISLE.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
 'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public Property.
 All Common Exhibitions open lie
 For Praise or Censure to the common Eye.

52 THE APOLOGY.

Hence are a thousand Hackney-writers fed ;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their Daily-Bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.
To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence : all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active PICKLE Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends ;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively wittling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a Play'r ?

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to Justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam May'refs, or his Worship's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back.
His royal confort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand ;
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in this troop are found
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound ;

No

No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
 The monarch here must be a host ALONE.
 No solemn pomp, no slow procession's here;
 No AMMON's entry, and no JULIET's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The varied actor flies from part to part;
 And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
 His character is shifted with his side.
 Question and Answer he by turns must be,
 Like that small wit in MODERN TRAGEDY;
 Who, to support his fame,—or fill his purse—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
 No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
 Content with humble profit, humble praise.
 Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
 The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
 Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
 And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who we sometimes know
 Can take a hero from a puppet show,
 In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
 On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
 Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred:

Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
 With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
 He sweats beneath the terror nodding plume,
 Taught by Mock Honours Real Pride t' assume.
 On this great stage, the World, no Monarch e'er
 Was half so haughty as a Monarch Play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
 To see these THINGS, the lowest sons of earth,
 Presume with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
 To rule in letters and preside in Taste?
 The TOWN's decisions they no more admit,
 Themselves alone the ARBITERS of Wit;
 And scorn the jurisdiction of that COURT,
 To which they owe their being and support.
 Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
 Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the Vain Tyrant sit amidst his guards,
 His puny GREEN-ROOM Wits and Venal Bards,
 Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
 And for a Play-house Freedom lose their own;
 In spite of new-made Laws, and new-made Kings,
 The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
 Bow down, ye Slaves, before these Idols fall;
 Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all;
 Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
 To those who, Slaves to ALL, are Slaves to ME.

Actors, as Actors, are a lawful game;
 The poet's right; and Who shall bar his claim;
 And

And if o'er-weening of their little skill,
 When they have left the stage, they're Actors still;
 If to the subject world they still give laws,
 With paper crowns and sceptres made of straws;
 If they in cellar or in garret roar,
 And Kings one night, are Kings for evermore;
 Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, pursue her theme;
 And wake the Coxcomb from his golden dream?
 Or if well worthy of a better fate,
 They rise superior to their present state;
 If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
 The gay companion and the faithful friend;
 If they, like PRITCHARD, join in private life
 The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
 Shall not our Verse their praise with pleasure speak,
 Though Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise:
No greatness can above her censure raise:
Station and wealth, to Her, are trifling things;
She stoops to Actors, and she soars to Kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead;
 Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
 Alien to GOD, and foe to all mankind;
 Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
 Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour
 swell;

Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of
 Hell?

If there be such a monster, the REVIEWS
Shall find him holding forth against Abuse.

“ Attack Profession!—’tis a deadly breach! —

“ The Christian laws another lesson teach: —

“ Unto the End should charity endure,

“ And candour hide these faults it cannot cure.”

Thus Candour’s maxims flow from Rancour’s
throat,

As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.

The Muse’s office was by HEAVEN design’d,
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind ;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the tow’ring pitch of splendid Vice ;
To make pale Vice abash’d, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue’s awful frown.
Now arm’d with wrath she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice brand the villain’s name :
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the Fool.
Her shape is often varied ; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.
In praise of Mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for Correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth ;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expose the Man ;
Asham’d, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
 Tho' Judgment join to consecrate the strain,
 If curious numbers will not aid afford,
 Nor choicest music play in every word?

Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
 From all harsh rugged interruptions clear:
 Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
 Smooth let their current flow as summer seas;
 Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
 A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
 Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
 Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
 Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
 And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
 Henceforth farewell, then fev'rish thirst of fame;
 Farewel the longings for a Poet's name;
 Perish my Muse;—a wish 'bove all severe
 To him who ever held the Muses dear,
 If e'er her labours weaken to refine
 The gen'rus roughness of a nervous line.

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
 Their Muse must walk in stilts and strut in stays:
 The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
 Lest Poetry approach too near to Prose.
 See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
 And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.

WALLER, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
 Parent of harmony in English verse,
 Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
 In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,
 Where shall thy rival, POPE, be ever found?
 But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
 E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
 Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
 Borrows a blessing from VARIETY,
 Music itself her needful aid requires
 To rouse the Soul, and wake our dying fires.
 Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
 Still in one key, not BRENT would always please.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy shrine,
 Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.

Horace What if some dull Lines in cold order creep,
 And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
 Still when his subject rises proud to view,
 With equal strength the poet's rises too,
 With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course
 In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
 The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
 And the whole Art of Poetry is Thine.

But what are Numbers, what are Bards to me,
 Forbid to tread the Paths of Poesy?

- “ A sacred Muse should consecrate her Pen;
- “ Priests must not hear nor see like other Men;
- “ Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
- “ Behold where STERNHOLD points the way to
 fame.”

Whilst;

Whilst, with mistaken zeal, dull bigots burn,
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
 When Coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
 And blindly walk in Paper Leading-strings,
 What if a man delight to pass his time
 In spinning reason into harmless Rhime ;
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the Play ?
 Say, Where's the Crime ?—great Man of Pru-
 dence, say ?

No two on earth, in one thing can agree,
 All have some darling singularity,
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
 In Gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
 Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like
 things,
 Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
 In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
 Whether the whim's a MONKEY or a MUSE.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
 When they make use of this word REASON, mean,
 I know not ; but according to my plan,
 'Tis LORD-CHIEF-JUSTICE in the COURT of
 MAN,

Equally form'd to rule in age and youth,
 The Friend of Virtue and the Guide to Truth :
 To HER I bow, whose sacred power I feel ;
 To HER decision make my last appeal ;
 Condemn'd by HER, applauding worlds in vain
 Should tempt me to take up the Pen again :
 By HER absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue :
 If REASON's for me, GOD is for me too.

NIGHT.

N I G H T.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

ROBERT LLOYD.

N I G H T.

W H E N foes insult, and *prudent* friends
dispense,

In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, LLOYD, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrow rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We-NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.

ROGUES justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by Gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not shew the head;
'Till vain prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
The sons of CARE are always sons of NIGHT.

The wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,
Whose merit only is to err by rule,
Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose

Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
 Unless to move the body's dull Machine ;
 Which clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
 Still travels on thro' life's insipid space,
 Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
 Among God's creatures two such things as *we*.
 Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
 Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words—but was it ever seen
 That all men could agree in what they mean ?
 FLORIO, who many years a course hath run
 In downright opposition to the sun,
 Expatiates on *good hours*, their cause defends
 With as much vigour as our PRUDENT FRIENDS.
 Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
 But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
 Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
 With PRUDENCE it is ten, with FLORIO two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
 Without distinguishing distinctions make ;
 Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
 Make yourselves rules to all the world beside ;
 Reason, collected in herself, disdains
 The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains,
 Steady and true each circumstance she weighs,
 Nor to *bare words* inglorious tribute pays.
 Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
 And Reason to herself alone is law.
 That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
 Which she as freely grants to all mankind.

No

No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers,
All are alike if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let the sage DOCTOR (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let GALEN moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be Physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physick hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If RUPERT after ten is out of bed
The fool next morning can't hold up his head,
What reason this which me to bed must call
Whose head (thank heaven) never aches at all?

In.

In-diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run;
 He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun:
 Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
 The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
 The strange reserve, the proud affected state
 Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great:
 No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
 Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
 Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes;
 And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;
 But from a crowd can single out his grace,
 And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
 Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
 Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
 Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
 When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
 And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
 Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
 Gratefully strove to kick his MAKER down,
 Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
 The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or stage;
 If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
 And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
 Those mighty-letter'd monsters of the earth,
 Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
 Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
 Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray;
A gainer

A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind:

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as wak'ned from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by NIGHT, what fools we are by DAY.

Stript of her gawdy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies!
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through

Through a false medium things are shewn by day,
 Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
 How many from appearance borrow state,
 Whom NIGHT disdains to number with the Great !
 Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
 Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd ?
 Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
 Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Whilst JEHU-like, he drives at furious rate,
 And seems the only charioteer of state,
 Talking himself into a little God,
 And ruling empires with a single nod ;
 Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
 That he had int'rest, and that they had sense ?
 Injurious thought ! beneath NIGHT's honest shade
 When pomp is buried and false colours fade,
 Plainly we see at that impartial hour
 Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
 To court the seeming, or the real great ;
 Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
 Than any slave who labours at the oar.
 By slavish methods must he learn to please,
 By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curst *court-disease*,
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike sail,
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale,
 To Nature dead he must adopt vile Art,
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
 And conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.

When

When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,
 When he at last expects, good easy man,
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
 Some cringing LACQUEY, or rapacious WHORE,
 To favours of the great the surest door.
 Some CATAMITE, or PIMP, in credit grown,
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
 Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
 And for some MINION's MINION claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
 Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
 To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye.
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
 Far from the walk of folly, vice and strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,
 Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
 To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
 Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
 And look on riches with untainted eye.
 To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
 Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
 We see what vain designs mankind engage;
 Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
 And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
 Perplex'd

Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
 Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
 Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
 For some vile spot, which cannot fifty feed.
 Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
 For the world's empire kings ambitious fight,
 What odds?—*to us* 'tis all the self-same thing,
 A NUT, a WORLD, a SQUIRREL, and a KING.

BRITONS, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
 Are cast by nature in a PATRIOT mould;
 No private joy, no private grief they know,
 Their soul's engross'd by public weal or woe.
 Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
 Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
 Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
 Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
 All would be deem'd e'en from the cradle fit
 To rule in politics as well as wit.
 The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
 Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
 The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
 Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
 The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
 Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
 And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
 And boast an equal, or a greater zeal,

From

From nymph to nymph the state infection flies,
 Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
 O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
 Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
 No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
 A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
 No more they pant for PUBLIC RAREE-SHOWS,
 Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
 Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
 And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
 The darling theme CÆCILIA's self will chuse,
 Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The CIT, a COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN by
 place,

Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
 By situation as by nature great,
 With nice precision parcels out the state;
 Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
 Objects himself, and to himself replies;
 Wielding aloft the Politician rod,
 Makes RIT R by turns a devil and a god;
 Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
 Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
 And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to such triflers, be our happier plan
 To pass thro' life as easy as we can.

Who's

Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
 Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know
 Than secret movements of a PUPPET-SHOW;
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
 Unseen the hand which *guides the MASTER-WIRE.*

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
 Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
 His GRACE, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
 By custom safe the poet's numbers flow,
 Free as the light and air some years ago.
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on Castles in the Air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
 And ENGLAND's terrors awe imperious SPAIN;
 Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
 Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
 Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
 And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
 Exempt *we* sit, by no rude cares oppress,
 And, having little, are with little blest.
 All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
 And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
 NIGHT's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
 Nor one dull thought foretells approach of DAY.

Thus

Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
 Plain Plenty to supply the frugal board,
 Whilst MIRTH, with DECENCY his lovely bride,
 And Wine's gay GOD, with TEMP'RANCE by his
 side,

Their welcome visit pay; whilst HEALTH attends
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends,

Whilst frank GOOD-HUMOUR consecrates the treat,
 And WOMAN makes society complete,

Thus WILL we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
 Those *Hackney Strumpets*, PRUDENCE and the
 WORLD.

PRUDENCE, of old a sacred term, imply'd
 Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,
 But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
 The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
 The sense perverted we retain the name,
 Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A TUTOR once, more read in men than books,
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
 Demurely fly, with high preferment blest,
 His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd :

Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
 deem'd,

By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ?

Be this thy rule ; be what men *prudent* call ;

PRUDENCE, almighty PRUDENCE, gives thee all.

Keep up appearances there lies the test,

The world will give thee credit for the rest.

Outward be fair, however foul within; *Desart*

Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.

This maxim's into common favour grown,
 Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known ;
 Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field,
 But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
 Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
 Let PRUDENCE lead thee to a *postern* door ;
 Stay out all night, but take especial care
 That PRUDENCE bring thee back to early prayer.
 As one with watching and with study faint,
 Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
 And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
 Successfully pursu'd the plan, and *now*,
 " Room for my LORD—Virtue stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
 To mask, but not amend a vicious heart ?
 Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave,
 For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave ?
 Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
 Gild fair their names and flates with empty forms,
 Whilst VIRTUE seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
 Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise ;
 Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more ?
 Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
 Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
 To flatter others or deny myself,
 Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
 I would not be *that* THING, *that* PRUDENT MAN.
 What,

What, cries Sir PLIANT, would you then oppose
 Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
 Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
 Above all sense of int'rest prevail.
 Throw off, for shame, this petulance of wit,
 Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
 Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the WORLD is in the right.

What is this WORLD? a term which men have
 got
 To signify, not one in ten knows what;
 A term, which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
 In common use no more it means we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
 Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
 Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
 Tho' thousands rail at good and practise ill.
 Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
 Because vast nations on his part engage?
 Tho' to support the rebel CÆSAR's cause
 Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
 Tho' Scandal would *our Patriot's* name impeach,
 And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
 What honest man but would with joy submit
 To bleed with CATO, and retire with PITT?

Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
 Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,

Let the WORLD talk, my Friend; that WORLD
we know

Which calls us guilty cannot make us so.

Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,

Affert the rights, or quit the name of man.

Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;

Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.

In spite of Dullness, and in spite of Wit,

If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,

Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride

Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

THE
PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq;

THE HISTORY OF THE

SCOTT'S PASTORAL

THE HISTORY OF THE

JOHN WILKES

17

T H E
PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL.

WHEN CUPID first instructs his darts to fly
From the fly corner of some cook-maid's
eye

The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means ;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire ;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a MUSE.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—

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Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA lies—

Green moss her couch ; her canopy the skies.

From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale

Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.

The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,

Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.

Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatter, Ravens
scream,

And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.

The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,

Present the fair LARDELLA with a glass,

And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love sick plan,

Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But, when maturer judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed ;
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds
awe,

Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law,

Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,

And founds his merit on our servile fears ;

Then we discard the workings of the heart,

And nature's banish'd by *mechanic* art ;

Then deeply read, our reading must be shown ;

Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.

Then OSTENTATION marches to our aid,

And *letter'd* PRIDE stalks forth in full parade ;

Beneath their care behold the work refine,

Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line.

Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear

The robes of Antients with a Modern air,

NONSENSE

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NONSENSE with *Classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of TASTE.

Then the rude THEOCRITE is ranlack'd o'er,
And courtly MARO call'd from MINCIO's shore;
Sicilian Muses on our mountams roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;
NYMPHS, NAIADS, NEREIDS, DRYADS, SATYRS,
FAUNS,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in GREECE and
ROME,
More fair revive in ENGLAND's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes, unknown to *dowdy* Nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain COMMON-SENSE her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some Ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there?
For bards like these a wreath shall MASON bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of FOLLY's wing;
In LOVE's PAGODA shall they ever doze,
And GISBAL kindly rock them to repose;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* most true—
At once their patron and example too—

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Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping
streams,

Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some DRUID's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
+ For *apt* ALLITERATION's *artful* aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*,
+ *Me*, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit,
For *pacing* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
TASTE, with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, NATURE, art *my* goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—*hence* slavish awe
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair NATURE's
hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick.

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Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
 Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
 Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
 Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
 By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdued,
 However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
 To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
 Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the
 year,
 Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
 She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
 What mighty blessings doth not ENGLAND owe?
 What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
 Doth each revolving day import from thence?
 To us she gives, disinterested friend,
 Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end.
 When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
 Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
 And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
 Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
 Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
 Such refuge as the HOLY MARTYR found?

Nor less our debt in SCIENCE, tho' denied,
 By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
 Thence came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,
 Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
 Thence, HOME, disbanded from the sons of pray'r,
 For loving plays, tho' no *dull* DEAN was there;
 Thence issued forth, at great MACPHERSON's call,
 That old, new, *Epic Pastoral* FINGAL;

Thence,

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Thence, MALLOCH, friend alike of *Church and State*,
 Of CHRIST and LIBERTY, by grateful Fate
 Rais'd to rewards, which, in a *pious* reign,
 All *darling Infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
 To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
 In simple manner utter simple lays,
 And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me some muse to TWEED's inspiring stream,
 Where all the little loves and graces dream,
 Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
 And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
 Where on the surface, Lead, like feathers, swims,
 There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
 As once a SYRIAN bath'd in JORDAN's flood,
 Wash off my native strains, correct that blood
 Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
 And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
 Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how?
 From nice trim points, where HONOUR, slave to
 In compliment to folly, plays the fool: [rule,
 From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
 And easy humour wings the laughing hour;
 From those soft better moments, when desire
 Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
 When mutual ardours of the melting fair
 More than repay us for whole years of care,
 At *Friendship's* summons will my WILKES retreat,
 And see, *once seen before*, that *antient* seat,

That

That *antient* seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made?

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of Kings.
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply
With tumults voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee GOOD-HUMOUR tempers lively WIT,
Enthron'd with JUDGMENT, CANDOUR loves to
And Nature gave thee, open to distress, [sit,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Ofte have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *Scriblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Pisgab* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With.

With needful truths their libels to adorn,
 And hang a nation up to public scorn,
 Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
 And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd, page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our rigour to encrease their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
'They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should REASON take alarm,
And e'en the MUSE for public safety arm;
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by PAUL's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate; but justice can't condemn.
"Into our places, states, and beds they creep:"
They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, *call'd* PATRIOTS,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd, [laid,
Madly

Madly I leagu'd against that sacred Earth,
Vile parricide ! which gave a parent birth.

But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heav'nly TRUTH presents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in ?
To make the oath, was rash ; to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like LYTTLETON and WEST)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the SCOTTISH name.
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more ?)
E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhimes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch ! and shall a *Muse* like
“ thine,

“ An *English Muse*, the meanest of the nine,

“ Attempt a theme like this ? Can her weak strain

“ Expect indulgence from the mighty THANE ?

“ Should he from toils of government retire,

“ And for a moment fan the poet's fire,

“ Should he, of sciences the moral friend,

“ Each *curious*, each *important* search suspend,

“ Leave *unassisted* HILL of herbs to tell,

“ And *all the wonders of a Cockle-shell*,

“ Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,

“ Would not *the* HOME step forth, and gain the

“ prize ?

“ Or

By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
 Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
 The mountain top with usual dullness kifs'd,
 JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours rose;
 Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
 Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

JOCKEY, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to
 crown

With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
 With mikle art could on the bagpipes play,
 E'en from the rising to the setting day;
 SAWNEY as long without remorse could bawl
 HOME's madrigals and ditties from FINGAL.
 Oft at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
 The *Higbland Lass* forgot her want of food,
 And, while she *scratch'd* her lover into rest,
 Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry on her SAWNEY's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
 Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
 The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
 No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
 But the Chameleon, who can feast on air.
 No birds, except as birds of passage flew,
 No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo,
 No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

Rebel-

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Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave ;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottish* pride !)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures which, when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*, marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated 'Toad ;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies ;
In quest of food, Efts strove in vain to crawl ;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall ;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung ;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung ;
And FAMINE, by *her children always known*,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here,

Here, for the fullen sky was overcast,
 And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
 A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
 Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
 The Boys for shelter made ; behind, the sheep,
 Of which those shepherds ev'ry day *take keep*,
 Sickly crept on and with complainings rude,
 On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

J O C K E Y.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
 And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
 Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
 Are laid *among* yon thistles, dry and warm,
 What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
 To mock the rigour of this cruel sky ?
 What if we tune some merry *roundelay* ?
 Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

S A W N E Y.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
 To think of songs at such a time as this.
 Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
 Sooner shall fleeces cloath these ragged flocks,
 Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
 And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
 Than Sawrey, out of season, shall impart
 The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

J O C K E Y.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
 ✓ Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
 Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
 No sky is heavy if the heart be light;
 Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
 So Donald right *areeds* must be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is JOCKEY now;
 How did'st thou bear thy MAGGY's falshood how?
 When with a foreign loon she stole away,
 Did'st thou forswear thy pipe and shepherds lay?
 Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
 Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O she was *bónny*! All the Highlands round
 Was there a rival to my MAGGY found!
 More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
 Than the rare med'cine, which we Brimstone call,
 Or that choice plant so grateful to the nose,
 Which, in I know not what far country grows,
 Was MAGGY unto me; dear do I rue,
 A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

S A W N E Y.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
 Thro' all the land did JAMIE find a peer?
 Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
 And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
 That fatal year, when JAMIE, hapless swain,
 In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
 JAMIE, when our young Laird discreetly fled,
 Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

J O C K E Y.

Full sorely may we all lament that day:
 For all were losers in the deadly fray.
 Five brothers there had I, on th' Scottish plains,
 Well dost thou know were none more hopeful
 swains;
 Five brothers have I lost, in manhood's pride,
 Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ab! silly swains, to follow war's alarms,
Ab! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

S A W N E Y.

Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad:
 In all the honours of our ravish'd *Plaid*,
 Saw the *FERRARA* too, our nation's pride,
 Unwilling grace the aukward victor's side.
 There fell our choicest youth, and from that day,
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;

Bless'd

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Bless'd those which fell ! curs'd those which still
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*. [survive,

Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne
of turf,

With boils, emboss'd and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head ; her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose and from their orbs to start ;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell ;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and cursing swallow'd naught but wind ;
All shrivell'd was her skin ; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare :
Such filthy fight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

Cease, cried the Goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains !

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile ;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir ;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth ;

Long

Long free, because the race of Roman braves
 Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
 Then into bondage by that nation brought,
 Whose ruin we for ages vainly fought,
 Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,
 The pow'r of mischief lost retain the will;
 Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
 A mass till the last moment left behind,
 Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
 Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
 But never enter'd in Creation's book;
 Branded as traitors, who for love of gold,
 Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
 Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still,
 But times of happier note are now at hand,
 And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the Sons of Israël, having trod,
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
 A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
 Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
 With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
 Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
 There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
 Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
 For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
 Fat Beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
 And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;

For

96 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
 And *Scotsmen* reap, what they disdain'd to sow;
 For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill,
 For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
 When to our wishes NATURE cannot rise,
 ART shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
 His brawny arm shall drudging LABOUR strain,
 And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
 TRADE shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
 Her's, all the toil, and all the profit our's;
 For us, the Oak shall from his native sleep
 Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;
 The sail of COMMERCE for our use unfurl'd,
 Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
 For us sublimer heights shall science reach,
 For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen
 preach;
 Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
 And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
 Devouring WAR, imprison'd in the north,
 Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
 And when his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
 Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
 Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
 And Desolation stalking in the rere,
 Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
 He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
 Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;

Already

Already big with hopes of future sway,
 E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
 Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
 Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
 In the rough face of peril must be sought,
 And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
 No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
 Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
 Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
 With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When ROME, to prop her sinking empire, bore,
 Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
 What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
 Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with
 blood,

Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
 And, scorning merey, spar'd nor sex nor age;
 When, for our interest too mighty grown,
 Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
 What if we strove divisions to foment,
 And spread the flames of civil discontent,
 Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
 And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
 When restless GLORY bade her sons advance,
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
 What if disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
 By which our nation never shall be bound,
 Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
 Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
 home;

98 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
 Of Law, Religion, Liberty, and Sense,
 When they against their lawful Monarch rose,
 And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppose,
 What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
 And strove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
 With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
 And greatly dar'd, tho' cross'd by partial fate;
 These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
 Awake the very stones to bar our way, [fway,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
 In the dull region of an English brain.
 Bless'd with that *Faith*, which mountains can re-
 move,
 First they shall *Dupes*, next *Saints*, last *Martyrs*
 prove.

Already is this game of fate begun
 Under the sanction of my Darling Son,
 That Son, of nature royal as his name,
 Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame,
 His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
 straight,
 Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
 And sink the mountain level to the plain.
 DISCORD, whom in a cavern under ground
 With massy fetters their late PATRIOT bound,
 Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
 And vent her curses to the vacant air,
 Where, that she never might be heard of more,
 He planted LOYALTY to guard the door.

For

For better purpose shall Our Chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her PEACE.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak ENGLISH help themselves to cheat,
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace,
The old adherents of the STUART race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
TORIES or JACOBITES, are still the same;
To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their Saviour venom'd falshoods frame,
And brand with calumny their WILLIAM's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their Love.

of the people of the island of...

...the first of the island...

...the second of the island...

...the third of the island...

...the fourth of the island...

...the fifth of the island...

...the sixth of the island...

...the seventh of the island...

...the eighth of the island...

...the ninth of the island...

...the tenth of the island...

...the eleventh of the island...

...the twelfth of the island...

...the thirteenth of the island...

...the fourteenth of the island...

...the fifteenth of the island...

AN
EPISTLE
TO
WILLIAM HOGARTH.

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
W I L L I A M H O G A R T H.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are
known,
Who dare be just to merit not their own !
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence ;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base,
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race,
Let Vice and Folly thy black Soul divide,
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride ;
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all ;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man ;

Lift against Virtue Pow'r's oppressive rod,
 Betray thy Country, and deny thy God ;
 And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
 To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
 Whate'er of Sin and Dullness can be said,
 Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head ;
 Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
 And, free from Envy, safely sneak along
 The rigid Saint, by whom no mercy's shewn
 To Saints whose lives are better than his own,
 Shall spare thy crimes ; and WIT, who never once
 Forgave a Brother, shall forgive a Dunce.

But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
 Vile Int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at Pow'r ;
 Should Love of Fame in ev'ry noble mind
 A brave disease, with love of Virtue join'd,
 Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage tried
 In Reason's court, is amply justified ;
 Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
 Should'st Thou prefer the calmer walk of life ;
 Should'st Thou, by pale and sickly STUDY led,
 Pursue coy Science to the Fountain head ;
 Virtue thy guide, and public Good thy end,
 Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
 To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
 Purge the sick weal and humanize mankind :
 Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breast,
 Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
 Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
 Quick from her cell shall madd'ning ENVY start.

Then

Then shalt Thou find, but find alas ! too late,
 How vain is worth ! how short is Glory's date !
 Then shalt Thou find, whilst Friends with Foes
 conspire
 To give more proof than Virtue would desire,
 Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well ;
 No crime's so great as daring to excel.

Whilst SATIRE thus, disdaining mean controul,
 Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
 CANDOUR, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
 Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all.
 With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
 The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Can'st Thou, with more than usual warmth, she
 cry'd,

Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
 Can'st Thou, severe by Nature as Thou art,
 With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
 Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
 To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
 To make VICE sit, for purposes of strife,
 And drag the Hag much larger than the life,
 To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
 And represent our Nature as our curse ?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
 Which tends to aggravate and not to heal ?
 Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
 And danger grinning stare thee in the face
 Loud as the Drum, which spreading terror round
 From emptiness, acquires the pow'r of sound ?

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 Which tends to aggravate and not to heal ?
 Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
 And danger grinning stare thee in the face
 Loud as the Drum, which spreading terror round
 From emptiness, acquires the pow'r of sound ?

Doth not the voice of NORTON strike thy ear,
 And the pale MANSFIELD chill thy soul with fear?
 Dost Thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
 Because Thou'rt honest, and because Thou'rt poor?
 Dost Thou on Law and Liberty depend?
 Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
 Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r,
 When WILKES, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the
 Tow'r?

Dost Thou by Privilege exemption claim,
 When privilege is little more than name?
 Or to Prerogative (that glorious ground
 On which State-scoundrels oft have safety found)
 Dost Thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
 Unpunish'd, thus to Libel human kind?

When Poverty, the Poet's constant crime,
 Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
 Had not Romantic notions turn'd thy head,
 Had'st Thou not valued Honour more than bread,
 Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
 And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
 In flatt'ry's stream Thou would'st have dipp'd thy
 Applied to great, and not to honest men, [pen,
 Nor should Conviction have seduc'd thy heart
 To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank Folly, for thy curse decreed,
 Could into SATIRE's barren path mislead,
 When, open to thy view, before thee lay
 Soul-soothing PANEGRIC's flow'ry way?
 There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
 And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please,

Lords

Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
 And *Ladies*, simp'ring own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of Taste,
 Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
 Such Wit, such Truth as thine to quit the gown.
 Thy sacred Brethren too (for they no less
 Than Laymen, bring their off'rings to Success)
 Had hail'd Thee good if great, and paid the vow
 Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst Thou
 In *Lawn* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping croud,
 As dull as R——, and half as proud.

PEACE, CANDOUR—wisely had'st thou said,
 and well,

Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,
 Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
 The firm resolves which from Conviction rose.
 I cannot truckle to a Fool of State,
 Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
 Free leave have others by such means to shine;
 I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
 Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that Elf,
 Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
 CUNNING in Heav'n, amongst us PRUDENCE
 nam'd,

That *servile* PRUDENCE, which I leave to those
 Who dare not be my Friends, can't be my Foes.

Had

Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhimes,
 Pursued, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes ;
 Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
 Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe ;
 Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
 And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek ;
 Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
 To wound that Sex, which Honour bids me praise ;
 Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
 In endless night sunk injur'd AYLIFF's shade ;
 Had I (which Satirists of mighty name,
 Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for *moral* fame,
 Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
 In future verse) brought forth to public view
 A noble Friend, and made his foibles known,
 Because his worth was greater than my own ;
 Had I spar'd those (so *Prudence* had decreed)
 Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
 I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their King,
 Who smoothe their looks, and flatter whilst they sting,
 Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
 Of those who flatter least, but love him most ;
 Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
 At CANDOUR's voice, and take, as from a friend,
 The deep rebuke ; Myself should be the first
 To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm—forbid it, manly Pride,
 Forbid it, Reason, warring on my side—
 For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
 And hang suspended in the desert air.

Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
 Palsied, forsooth, by CANDOUR's half-made frown?
 When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
 Because insipid CANDOUR bars my way?
 When she, of all alike the puling friend,
 Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end,
 When she to villains would a sanction give,
 And shelter those who are not fit to live,
 When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
 And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
 All leagues with CANDOUR proudly I resign;
 She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
 Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't com-
 mend;

Come, CANDOUR, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
 Thou equal-blooded judge, Thou lukewarm drone,
 Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
 We call that Virtue, which we know Defect,
 Come, and observe the Nature of our crimes,
 The gross and rank complexion of the times,
 Observe it well, and then review my plan;
 Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
 And Piety is only known at Court;
 Whilst wretched LIBERTY expiring lies
 Beneath the fatal burthen of EXCISE;
 Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
 What men of humble rank would blush to name;
 Whilst

Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
 Worshipp'd by those, who Justice never knew;
 Whilst Bubbles of Distinction waste in play
 The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
 With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
 Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
 Whilst Fathers, by relentless passion led,
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
 Whilst MARTIN flatters only to betray,
 And WEBB gives up his dirty soul for pay;
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers,
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
 Whilst C—, false to God and man, for gold,
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
 To Shame his Master, Friend, and Father gives;
 Whilst BUTE remains in pow'r, whilst HOLLAND
 lives;
 Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
 By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain,
 Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
 And CANDOUR justify the rage of song?

Such Things! such Men before Thee! such an
 Age

Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
 And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
 Of satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
 May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile;

Whilst

Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
 Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
 To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
 With Fallacy, most infamous, to stain
 Her Truth, and render all her anger vain?
 When I beheld Thee incorrect, but bold,
 A various comment on the Stage unfold;
 When Play'rs on Play'rs before thy satire fell,
 And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
 When States and Statesmen next became thy care,
 And only kings were safe if thou wast there;
 Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
 And in thy ev'ry word found Truth prevail.
 Why do'st Thou now to Falshood meanly fly?
 Not even CANDOUR can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhimes
 Traffic in Slander, and invent new crimes?
 Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
 Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all Mankind.
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
 To practise Virtue, and improve in art;
 To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest Fame,
 A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
 Thy *Drudge* contrives, and in our full career
 Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of Fear;
 Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
 That what we seek, we never can obtain;
 That, dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
 ENVY possesses the whole race of man;

That

That worth is criminal, and Danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falshood; search the world around;
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause.
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate:
Hate Virtue for herself; with spite pursue
Merit for Merit's sake! might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in Justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in Hell must be a work of time,
Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
Lift to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.

But

But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
 Once having err'd, persists in error still,
 Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
 And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
 Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
 Of Angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
 Who snares the Coxcomb to deceive himself)
 Or blinded by that rage, did'st Thou believe
 That We too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
 That We, as sterling falsehood would admit,
 Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
 When Fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe because they love the lye;
 But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
 Hast Thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
 And bring into contempt the human race,
 Hast Thou, or canst Thou, in Truth's sacred court,
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground
 On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
 Nay, dost Thou know one man (let that appear,
 From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
 One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
 Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
 Reason determines, and it must be done;
 'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me One.

HOGARTH

HOGARTH—I take thee, CANDOUR, at thy
word,

Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard,
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name ;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
HOGARTH, stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, CANDOUR, now Thou shalt receive such
proof,

Such damning proof, that henceforth Thou shalt
fear

To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
HOGARTH stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great Court, where Conscience must pre-
side ;

At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand ;
Think before whom, on what account you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canst Thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge Thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, *Self* laid aside,
And Justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st GENIUS view,
And give to Merit what was Merit's due ?
Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
And thy Soul sickens at the name of Sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On ENVY's altar he is doom'd to bleed ?

HOGARTH,

HOGARTH, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
 The place of Executioner supplies.
 See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak Artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays, thy Jealousy could not endure,
 To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
 And to secure thy credit blast his own,
 In HOGARTH he was sure to find a friend;
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
 But when his Spirit, rous'd by honest Shame,
 Shook off that Lethargy, and soar'd to Fame,
 When, with the pride of Man, resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears which did his Honour wrong,
 And, on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
 No Friend in Thee, could such a Rebel know;
 He had desert, and HOGARTH was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
 In ENVY's court, nor yet quite dead to shame,
 May some Remorse, some qualms of Conscience
 feel,
 And suffer Honour to abate their Zeal,
 But the Man, truly and compleatly great,
 Allows no rule of action but his hate;
 Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
 Passion his Principle, and Parts his prey.

Mediums

Mediums in Vice and Virtue speak a mind
 Within the pale of Temperance confin'd ;
 The daring Spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
 And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
 On the same plan hath ENVY form'd her rage.
 'Gainst those whom Fortune hath our rivals made,
 In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
 Stung with mean Jealousy she arms her spite,
 First works, then views their ruin with delight.
 Our HOGARTH here a grand improver shines,
 And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines :
 He like himself, o'erleaps the servile bound ;
 Worth is his mark, where-ever Worth is found.
 Should Painters only his vast wrath suffice ?
 Genius in ev'ry walk is Lawful Prize.
 'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state ;
 His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When WILKES, our Countryman, our common
 friend,
 Arose, his King, his Country to defend,
 When tools of pow'r be bar'd to public view,
 And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
 When rancour found it far beyond her reach
 To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
 What could induce Thee, at a time and place,
 Where manly Foes had blush'd to shew their face,
 To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
 And sink Thee deep, deep in thy grave with
 shame ?

Did

Did Virtue move Thee ? no, 'twas Pride, rank
Pride,

And if Thou hadst not done it, Thou had'st dy'd.

MALICE (who, disappointed of her end,

Whether to work the bane of Foe or Friend,

Preys on herself, and driven to the Stake,

Gives virtue that revenge she scorns to take)

Had kill'd Thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,

Had WILKES and LIBERTY escap'd thy scourge.

When that GREAT CHARTER, which our Fa-
thers bought

With their best blood, was into question brought ;

When, big with ruin, o'er each English head

Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread ;

When LIBERTY, all trembling and aghast,

Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past ;

When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,

Till Reason pointed out that PRATT was there ;

Lurking, most Russian-like, behind a screen,

So plac'd all things to see himself unseen,

VIRTUE, with due contempt, saw HOGARTH stand,

The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.

What was the cause of Liberty to him,

Or what was Honour ? let them sink or swim,

So he may gratify without controul,

The mean resentments of his selfish soul.

Let Freedom perish, if to Freedom true,

In the same ruin WILKES may perish too.

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,

With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,

Pale

Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring
tongue,

The Spirits out of tune, the Nerves unstrung,
Thy Body shrivel'd up, thy dim eyes sunk,
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee
well,

Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance
give,

And, dead to all things else, to Malice live ?
Hence, Dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation ! wash the Æthiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Controul the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pygmy voice her weaves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That ENVY, which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that ENVY, who with giant stride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,

Retreats

Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
 And calmly hears her praises after death.
 To such observers HOGARTH gives the lie ;
 Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die ;
 Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
 A mansion suited well to such a guest ;
 Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
 And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known Thee, HOGARTH, weak and
 vain,

Thyself the idol of thy aukward strain,
 Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day,
 In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
 Whilst Friends with Friends, all gaping sit, and
 gaze,

To hear a HOGARTH babble HOGARTH's praise
 But if athwart thee Interruption came,
 And mention'd with respect some Ancient's name,
 Some Ancient's name, who in the days of yore
 The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
 How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale
 And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale ?
 How hath thy Jealousy to madness grown,
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own ?
 Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
 And Arts and Artists all became thy prey ;
 Then didst Thou trample on establish'd rules,
 And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
 Condemn'd those works, with praise thro' ages
 grac'd,

Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

“ But

" But would mankind have true Perfection shewn,
 " It must be found in labours of my own.
 " I dare to challenge in one single piece,
 " 'Th' united force of ITALY and GREECE."
 Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
 And brought the boasted Master-piece to view.
 Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
 The Picture seen, why is the Painter heard?
 Call not up Shame and Anger in our cheeks;
 Without a Comment SIGISMUNDA speaks.

Poor SIGISMUNDA! what a Fate is thine!
 DRYDEN, the great High-Priest of all the Nine,
 Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
 And in his Numbers bade thy mem'ry live:
 Gave thee those soft Sensations, which might move
 And warm the coldest Anchoret to Love;
 Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb desire,
 Refine and Consecrate Love's headstrong fire;
 Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
 Gave thee that firmness, which our Sex may shame,
 And make Man bow to Woman's juster claim,
 So that our tears, which from Compassion flow,
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
 But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how
 chang'd!
 How much from Nature, and herself estrang'd!
 How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
 To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
 Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted stand,
 The helpless victim of a Dawber's hand!

But

But why, *my* HOGARTH, such a progress made,
 So rare a Pattern for the Sign-Post trade,
 In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
 Why was *Heroic* Painting laid aside?
 Why is It not resum'd? thy Friends at Court,
 Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
 Be grateful then for once, and, thro' the field
 Of Politics, thy *Epic* Pencil wield,
 Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
 And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy Virtue tell
 How BUTÉ prevail'd, How PITT and TEMPLE fell!
 How ENGLAND's sons (whom they conspir'd to
 Against our Will, with insolent success) [bless
 Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
 How got, God knows, to hail the SCOTTISH Sun?
 Point out our fame in war, when Vengeance, hurl'd
 From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
 Thine, and thy Country's honour to encrease,
 Point out the honours of succeeding Peace;
 Our *Moderation*, Christian-like, display,
 Shew, what we got, and what we gave away.
 In Colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
 Let a *State-Chaos* thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
 Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;
 Whilst her quick Spirits rouze at FREEDOM's call,
 And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall,
 Whilst a dear Country, and an injur'd Friend,
 Urge my strong anger to the bitt'rest end,

Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd
 Let not One real Virtue pass unprais'd.
 Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
 And loves the Virtue of her greatest foe.

Oh! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
 Which scorns the rule of Envy, Pride and Spleen,
 Which springs not from the labour'd Works of Art,
 But hath its rise from Nature in the heart,
 Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
 And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
 But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
 Contented with a diff'rent kind of Praise,
 Must HOGARTH stand; that Praise which GENIUS
 gives,

In Which to latest time the *Artist* lives,
 But not the *Man*; which, rightly understood,
 May make Us great, but cannot make us good.
 That Praise be HOGARTH's; freely let him wear
 The Wreath which GENIUS wove, and planted
 there.

Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
 Myself would labour to replace the Crown.

In walks of Humour, in that cast of Style,
 Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
 In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
 Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
 Where a beginning, middle, and an end
 Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
 So as to form one true and perfect whole,

Where

Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
HOGARTH unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst Thou then to Shame perversely run
And tread that path which Nature bade Thee shun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of Fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent Men excel,
But where is He, who can do all things well?
Humour's thy Province; for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt All view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which every Blockhead saw?
Blush, Thou vain Man, and if desire of Fame,
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
(To quick destruction SIGISMUNDA give,
{ And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her Mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of ARTS *despis'd*, of ARTISTS by thy frown
Aw'd from just Hopes, of *rising Worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race,
Canst Thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which You gave?

With so much merit, and so much success,
 With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
 Would He have been Man's friend, instead of foe,
 HOGARTH had been a little God below.
 Why then, like savage Giants, fam'd of old,
 Of whom in Scripture Story we are told,
 Dost Thou in cruelty that strength employ,
 Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
 Why dost Thou all in horrid pomp array'd,
 Sit grinning o'er the ruins Thou hast made?
 Most rank Ill nature must applaud thy art;
 But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For Me, who warm and zealous for my Friend,
 In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
 And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
 Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
 I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
 But with an eye of Pity view thy Age;
 Thy feeble Age, in which, as in a glass,
 We see how Men to dissolution pass.
 Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reason's plan,
 So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a Man,
 What could persuade thee at this time of life,
 To launch afresh into the Sea of Strife?
 Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
 Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
 To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
 And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of death.
 Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
 Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?

Now,

Now, by my Soul, it makes me blush to know
 My Spirits could descend to such a foe.
 Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
 It seems rank Cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
 To mortify man's arrogance, that Those
 Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
 Much sooner than the common herd decay,
 What bitter pangs must humbled GENIUS feel,
 In their last hours, to view a SWIFT and STEEL ?
 How much ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
 When She beholds Men, mark'd above the rest
 For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
 And sunk, deep sunk, in second Childhood's night ?
 Are Men, indeed, such things, and are the best
 More subject to this evil, than the rest,
 To drivel out whole years of Idiot breath,
 And sit the Monuments of living Death ?
 O, galling circumstance to human pride !
 Abasing Thought, but not to be denied !
 With curious Art the brain too finely wrought,
 Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by Thought.
 Constant Attention wears the active mind,
 Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
 But let not Youth, to insolence allied,
 In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
 Possess'd of GENIUS, with unhallow'd rage,
 Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
 The greatest GENIUS to this Fate may bow ;
 REYNOLDS, in time, may be like HOGARTH now.

THE
G H O S T.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

G. H. O. S. T.

THE O. S. T. BOOK

Advertisement.

IT hath been thought not improper to prefix to this *Dublin* Edition of the GHOST, the following summary Account of the Proceedings in regard to some strange Noises, heard the beginning of the Year 1762, at a House in *Cock-lane, West-Smithfield, London*; which gave rise to the ensuing Poem.

Mr. *Parsons*, the officiating Clerk of *St. Sepulchre's*, observing one morning at early prayers, a genteel couple standing in the aisle, ordered them into a pew; and, being afterwards thanked for his civility by the gentleman, who asked if he could inform him of a lodging in the neighbourhood; *Parsons* offered his own house, which was accepted of. Some time after, in the absence of the gentleman, who was in the country, Mr. *Parsons's* daughter, a child of eleven years of age, being taken by Miss *Fanny* (the name the gentlewoman went by) to her bed, Miss *Fanny* complained one morning to the family, of both having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. Mrs. *Parsons*, at a loss to account for this, bethought herself of a neighbouring industrious shoe-maker, whom they concluded to be cause of the disturbance. Soon after, on a Sunday night, Miss *Fanny*, getting out of bed, called to Mrs. *Parsons*, "Pray does your shoe-maker work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which being answered in the negative, Mrs. *Parsons*, &c. were desired to come into the chamber, and be themselves witnesses to the truth of the assertion. At

this time several persons were invited to assist, and among the rest the late reverend Mr. Linden, but he excused himself; and the gentleman and lady removing into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died) the noise discontinued at the house of Parsons, from the time of their leaving it, to the first of January 1762, or thereabouts, the space of above a year and a half; and then began this second visitation, as for distinction sake, we may venture to call it.

In this visitation, then, the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedsted, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer, either in the affirmative or negative; and though these scratchings and knockings, disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now supposed to be her spirit, which thus harassed the poor family. In this manner of converse she charged one Mr. —, whose first wife was her sister, and with whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with having poisoned her, by putting arsenick into purl, and administering it to her, when ill of the small-pox. Numbers of persons, of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this invisible knocker and scratcher, and though no discovery could be made, by the several removals of the girl to other houses, where the noises still followed her, (the supposed
ghost

ghost protesting she would follow her where-ever she went) though wainscots and floorings were torn away, to facilitate a detection of any imposture, to no purpose; yet the rational part of the town could not be brought to believe, but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty, many people called *Ventriloqui* have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergymen, and some gentlemen of the faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness, and of some other persons of unquestionable credit; and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following Advertisement.

To the public——We, whose names are under-written, thought it proper upon the approbation of the lord-mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr. Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, “That he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons connected with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time.” This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman, whom he affirmed to be *unconnected*, and *not to have been with her*. Upon being sent for, she came, and was a person well known by us to have been *constantly with her*, and
very

very intimate with this Familiar, as she is called. Upon this he, Mr. Parsons, recommended an unexceptionable person, the daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman of fortune. After an enquiry into her character, he informed us, that this unexceptionable person *had disobliged her father and was out at service*. Upon this we answered, "Mr. Parsons, if you can procure any person or persons, of strict character and reputation, who are house-keepers, such will be with pleasure admitted." Upon this he required a little time to seek for such a person. Instead of coming, as he promised and we expected, one William Lloyd came by his direction, and said as follows :

"Mr. Parsons chuses first to consult with his friends, who are at present not in the way, before he gives a positive answer concerning the removal of his daughter to the Reverend Mr. Aldrich's."

Signed, WILL. LLOYD,
Brook-street, Holborn.

Within three hours after, we received another message from Mr. Parsons by the same hand, to wit :

"If the lord-mayor will give his approbation, the child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

The plan before-mentioned was thus set forth in the public papers : The girl was to be brought to the house of the said clergyman, without any person whatever that had, or was supposed to have, the least connection with her. The father was to be there ; not suffered to be in the room, but in a parlour,

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parlour, where there could be no sort of communication, attended by a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity (amongst whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do every thing in our power, to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency, both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH,
Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell.
JAMES PENN,
Lecturer of St. Ann's, Aldersgate.

In pursuance of the above plan, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31st of January, and next day appeared the following account of what passed on the occasion:

“ About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl,

girl, who denied, in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud.

As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault, under the church of St. John Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this tryal of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

While they were enquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed; from that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

The spirit was then seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman, to whom the promise was made, went, with one more, into the vault; the spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise; but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost then
went

went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making, or counterfeiting, particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of this conclusion, it was given out that the coffin, in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. K—— therefore thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss F——, and such other unprejudiced persons, as on inspection might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly on February 25, in the afternoon, Mr. K——, with a clergy man, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault; when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr. K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot; and that
without

without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep. Nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up, in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told, that if the knocking and scratching were not heard any more, she, her father, and mother, would be sent to Newgate; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed, to try if the noises would come: she lay in bed this night much longer than usual; but no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board, about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentleman she would bring F—— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids, that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board; remarking, however what they themselves were convinced of, that “these noises were not like those which used to be made.” She was then told, that she had taken a
board

board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt, by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also, and his friend, both declared, "That the noises, the girl had made that morning, had not the least likeness to the former noises. Probably the organs, with which she performed these strange noises, were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. K—— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July, the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of a conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. K——.

But the court, chusing that Mr. K——, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deferred giving sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes the parties might make it up in the

the mean time. Accordingly, the clergyman and tradesman agreed to pay Mr. K—— a round sum, some say, between 5 and 600 l. to purchase their pardon, and were thereupon dismissed, with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to be set in the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock-lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years; Elizabeth his wife, one year; and Mary Frazer, six months in Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour.

The father, appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand in the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred to another day, when, as well as on the other days of his standing there, the populace took so much compassion of him, that, instead of using him ill, they made a handsome collection for him.

THE

T H E G H O S T. B O O K I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from Pole to Pole,
And from the Planets wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth or free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm ;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate Joy and Misery,
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All Men must feel, tho' few confess.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the Sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence,
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.

At

At its first rise, which all agree on,
 This noble Science was CHALDEAN,
 That antient people, as they fed
 Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
 Gaz'd on the Stars, observ'd their motions,
 And suck'd in Astrologic notions,
 Which they so eagerly pursue
 As folks are apt whate'er is new,
 That things below at random rove,
 Whilst they're consulting things above;
 And when that they so poor were grown,
 That they'd no houses of their own,
 They made bold with their friends the Stars,
 And prudently made use of theirs.

To EGYPT from CHALDEE it travell'd,
 And Fate at MEMPHIS was unravell'd,
 Th' exotic Science soon struck root,
 And flourish'd into high repute.
 Each learned Priest, O strange to tell!
 Could circles make, and cast a spell;
 Could read and write, and taught the Nation
 The holy art of Divination.
 Nobles themselves, for at that time
 Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
 Could talk as learned as the Priest,
 And prophesy as much at least.
 Hence all the fortune-telling Crew,
 Whose crafty skill marrs Nature's hue,
 Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
 Run up and down from place to place,

To

To gratify their friends' desires,
From BAMFIELD CAREW, to MOLL SQUIRES,
Are rightly term'd EGYPTIANS all;
Whom we, mistaking, GYPSIES call.

The GRECIAN Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,
From fertile EGYPT, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
DODONA's Oaks, inspir'd by JOVE,
A learned and prophetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers;
At DELPHOS, to APOLLO dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle Priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A Mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great Saint, we WHITFIELD call,
Keeps up the HUMBUG SPIRITUAL.

Among the ROMANS, not a Bird,
Without a Prophecy, was heard;
Fortunes of Empires often hung
On the Magician Magpye's tongue,
And ev'ry Crow was to the State
A sure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a COLLEGE,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,

For

For Genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first is planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of COLLEGE walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away,
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe* ;
When Emperors would live or die
They in an *Ass's scull* could spy ;
When Gen'als would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of sheep*.
In matters, whether small or great,
In private families or state,
As amongst us, the holy Seer
Officiously would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Just as it serv'd his private ends.
Whether, in honest way of trade,
Traps for Virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the state,
Regardless of the Common Weal,
By Int'rest led, which they call zeal,
Into the scale was always thrown,
The Will of Heav'n to back *their own*.

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,
Where Follies naturally grow,
Where without Culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size ;
ENGLAND, a fortune telling host,
As num'rous as the Stars, could boast,
MATRONS, who tols the Cup, and see
The grounds of Fate in grounds of 'Tea,
Who vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
Can a lost Maidenhead restore,
Or, if their pupils rather chuse it,
Can shew the readiest way to lose it ;
GYPSIES, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainst Loves and Agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket ;
SCOTCHMEN who, in their Country's right,
Possess the gift of *second-sight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
And boast the luxury of breeches.

Among the rest, in former years,
CAMPBELL, illustrious name, appears,
Great

Great Hero of futurity,
 Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *foresee*,
 Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *fortell*,
 Who, Fate with equity to sell,
 Always dealt out the will of Heaven,
 According to what price was given.

Of SCOTTISH race, in HIGHLANDS born,
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
 He hither came, by custom led,
 To curse the hands which gave him bread.
 With want of truth, and want of sense,
 Amply made up by impudence,
 (A *succedaneum*, which we find
 In common use with all mankind)
 Carefs'd and favour'd too by those,
 Whose heart with Patriot feelings glows,
 Who FOOLISHLY, where'er dispers'd,
 Still place their native Country first ;
 (For ENGLISHMEN alone have sense,
 To give a *stranger* preference,
 Whilst modest merit of their own,
 Is left in poverty to groan)
 CAMPBELL foretold, just what he wou'd
 And left the stars to make it good ;
 On whom he had impress'd such awe,
 His dictates current pass for LAW ;
 Submissive all his Empire own'd ;
 No Star durst smile, when CAMPBELL frown'd.

This Sage deceas'd, for all must die,
 And CAMPBELL's no more safe than I,

No more than I can guard the Heart,
 When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,
 Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres,
Another and *Another* came,
 Of equal skill, and equal fame;
 As white each wand, as black each gown,
 As long each beard, as wise each frown,
 In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear,
 CAMPBELL himself was sitting there.
 To *all* the happy Art was known,
 To tell *our* fortunes, make *their* own.

Seated in Garret, for you know,
 The nearer to the Stars we go,
 The greater we esteem his art,
 Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part;
 The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
 And those who could not walk were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
 By *Chamber-Maid* or *Cook-Maid* led,
 Enquires, if from his friend the MOON,
 He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

The COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
 (Who, to approve her disposition
 As much superior, as her birth,
 To those compos'd of common earth,
 With double spirit must engage
 In ev'ry folly of the age)
 The *honourable* arts would buy,
 To pack the Cards and cog a Die.

The HERO (who for brawn and face
 May claim right honourable place
 Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher Row*,
 Who might some thirty years ago,
 If we may be allow'd to guess
 At his employment by his dress,
 Put medicines off from cart or stage,
 The grand TOSCANO of the age,
 Or might about the countries go,
 HIGH STEWARD of a Puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know Puppets never eat ;
 Who would be thought (tho' save the mark,
 That point is something in the dark)
The Man of Honour, one like those
 Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
 Better than victuals, and would fight,
 Merely for sport from morn to night ;
 Who treads like MAJORS firm, whose tongue,
 Is with the triple thunder hung,
 Who cries to FEAR—stand off—aloof—
 And talks as he were cannon-proof,
 Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
 With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
 Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
 At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
 But at the same time bears about,
 Within himself, some touch of doubt,
 Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name ;
 That life is rightly understood
 By all to be a real good ;

That,

That, even in a *Hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part ;
 That this same HONOUR may be won,
 And yet no kind of danger run)
 Like DRUGGER comes, that magic pow'rs
 May ascertain his *lucky* hours.
 For at some hours the fickle dame,
 Whom FORTUNE properly we name,
 Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
 When wanted most, plays least in fight,
 And, like a modern *Court-bred jilt*,
 Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
 Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
 No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
 And fear usurps the vacant seat ;
 When *planet struck* we often find,
 STUARTS and SACKVILLE's of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his Art
 A conjurer can that impart)
 Whether politer it is reckon'd
 To have or not to have a second,
 To drag the friends in, or alone
 To make the danger all their own ;
 Whether repletion is not bad,
 And fighters with full stomachs mad ;
 Whether before he seeks the plain,
 It were not well to breathe a vein ;
 Whether a gentle salivation,
 Consistently with reputation,

Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers which the patient urge on
 To gates of death, by help of surgeon;
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best;
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south;
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes;
 Whether it better is to fight,
 By *Sun-shine*, or by *Candle-light*;
 Or (lest a *candle* should appear
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
 For who could of a candle tell
 To light a hero into hell,
 And lest the *sun* should partial rise
 To dazzle one or t'other's eyes,
 Or one or t'other's brains to scorch)
 Might not *Dame LUNA* hold a torch?

These points with dignity discuss'd,
 And gravely fix'd, a task which must
 Require no little time and pains,
 To make our hearts friends with our brains,
 The *Man of War* would next engage
 The kind assistance of the sage,
 Some previous method to direct,
 Which should make these of none effect.

Could

Could he not, from the mystic school
Of art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a Knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight ?

Or could he not, some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whose nice nature's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he for want of t'other rule
Mistakes his man, and like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again ?

Or, should some Dæmon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye ?
For well he held, and, men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That *HONOUR*'s like a *Maiden-bead*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is nought the worse, but walks the town,
Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.

The PARSON too (for now and then,
 PARSONS are just like other men,
 And here and there a *grave* DIVINE
 Has passions such as yours and mine)
 Burning with holy lust to know
 When FATE Preferment will bestow,
 Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in
 To *Conj'rer*, as he does to *Whore*,
 Thro' some bye Alley, or Back-door,
 With the same caution *Orthodox*
 Consults the *Stars*, and gets a *Pox*.

The CITIZEN, in fraud grown old,
 Who knows no Deity but Gold,
 Worn out and gasping now for breath,
 A Med'cine wants to keep off Death;
 Would know, if THAT he cannot have,
 What Coins are current in the grave;
 If, when the Stocks (which by *his* pow'r,
 Would rise or fall in half an hour,
 For, tho' unthought of and unseen,
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)
 By *his* directions came about,
 And rose to *Par* he should sell out;
 Whether he safely might or no,
 Replace it in the Funds *below*.

By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
 Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
 And, great in reputation grown,
 Successive held the MAGIC throne.

Favour'd

Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
 The love of Novelty and Fashion,
 Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, and Pride,
 Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
 But when the *prudent* Laws thought fit
 To curb this insolence of Wit;
 When Senates wisely had provided,
 Decreed, Enacted, and Decided,
 That no such vile and upstart elves
 Should have more knowledge than themselves;
 When Fines and Penalties were laid
 To stop the progress of the trade,
 And Stars no longer could dispense,
 With *honour*, farther influence,
 And Wizards (which must be confess'd
 Was of more force than all the rest)
 No certain way to tell had got,
 Which were Informers, and which not;
 Affrighted SAGES were, perforce,
 Oblig'd to steer some other course.
 By various ways, these *Sons of Chance*
 Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
 Well knowing, by unnerring rules,
 KNAVES starve not in the *Land of Fools*.

Some, with high Titles and Degrees,
 Which wise Men borrow when they please,
 Without or trouble or expence,
 PHYSICIANS instantly commence,
 And proudly boast an equal skill
 With those who claim the *right to kill*.

Others about the Countries roam,
 (For not ONE thought of going *home*)
 With pistol and adopted leg
 Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more subtle of their race,
 (Who felt some touch of *Coward* Grace,
 Who TYBURN to avoid had wit,
 But never fear'd deserving it)
 Came to their *Brother* SMOLLET's aid,
 And carried on the CRITIC Trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muse,
Some Verses wrote, and *some* wrote News.
Those, each revolving Month, are seen,
 The Heroes of a *Magazine* ;
These, ev'ry morning, great appear,
 In LEDGER, or in GAZETTEER ;
 Spreading the falshoods of the day,
 By turns for FADEN and for SAY ;
 Like SWISS, their force is always laid
 On that side where they best are paid.
 Hence mighty PRODIGIES arise,
 And daily MONSTERS strike our eyes ;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
 More strange than ever BAKER made,
 Are hawk'd about from street to street,
 And Fools believe, whilst Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
 To fright a superstitious age ;

Now

Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
 In Governments portending change ;
 Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
 So quick they leave their channels dry ;
 Now monstrous Whales, on LAMBETH shore,
 Drink the THAMES dry, and thirst for more ;
 And ev'ry now and then appears
 An IRISH Savage numb'ring years
 More than those happy Sages cou'd,
 Who drew their breath before the flood.
 Now, to the wonder of all people,
 A *Church* is left without a *Steeple* ;
 A *Steeple* now is left in lurch,
 And mourns departure of the *Church*,
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
 Remov'd a furlong off we find.
 Now, wrath on Cattle to discharge,
 Hail-stones as deadly fall, and large
 As those which were on EGYPT sent,
 At once their crime and punishment,
 Or those which, as the Prophet writes,
 Fell on the necks of AMORITES,
 When, struck with wonder and amaze,
 The *Sun* suspended, stay'd to gaze,
 And, from her duty longer kept,
 In AJALON his *Sister* slept.

But if such things no more engage
 The Taste of a politer age,
 To help them out in Time of need
 Another TORTS must Rabbits breed.

Each pregnant Female trembling hears,
 And, overcome with spleen and fears,
 Consults her faithful glass no more,
 But madly bounding o'er the floor,
 Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
 By FANCY turn'd into a *Doe*.

Now to promote their private ends,
 NATURE her usual course suspends,
 And varies from the stated plan
 Observ'd e'er since the World began.
Bodies, (which foolishly we thought,
 By Custom's servile maxims taught,
 Needed a regular supply,
 And without nourishment must die)
 With craving appetites, and sense
 Of Hunger easily dispense,
 And, pliant to *their* wondrous skill,
 Are taught, like *watches*, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more ;
Then go on as they did before.
 The Novel takes, the Tale succeeds,
 Amply supplies its author's needs,
 And BETTY CANNING is at least,
 With GASCOYNE's help, a six months feast.

Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
 The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
 Imperious in the heart of Man,
 And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan ;
 Whilst fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
 The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,

To

To Reason and Herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly up on trust;
Whilst CURIOSITY, whose rage
No Mercy shews to Sex or Age,
Must be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment, Truth, and Common Sense*;
Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when *old Miracles* grow stale,
JUGGLERS will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with *New*.

For THEM, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad SPIRITS, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
In all the usual Pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horse, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape,
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, the yell, and clank the chain.
FOLLY and GUILT (for GUILT, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a Coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The PRIEST, that very world implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his CLERK.

But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme.

For

For reputation of the *Art*,
Each GHOST must act a proper part,
Observe *Decorum*'s needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*.
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation.
What in the Country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in Town.
No SPIRIT of *discretion* HERE
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the Congregation laugh.
We want no ensigns of surprize,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes,
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, Familiar, and Polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy Hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A Lady in the darkest Night.
Such is *Our* FANNY, whose good will,
Which cannot in the Grave lie still,
Brings her on Earth to entertain
Her friends and Lovers in COCK-LANE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E
G H O S T.
B O O K II.

A SACRED standard Rule we find
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at APOLLO's shrine,
And call on One, or All the NINE.

This Custom, thro' a *Bigot* zeal,
Which MODERNS of *fine Taste* must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry Cause, which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With *antient* Bards, and INVOCATION
Was a true act of Adoration.
Of Worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of Art,
Of poultry reading a Parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious Fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn.

They

'They talk'd not of CASTALIAN SPRINGS
 By way of saying *pretty things*,
 As we dress out our flimsy Rhimes ;
 'Twas the RELIGION of the *Times*,
 And they believ'd that holy stream
 With greater force made FANCY teem,
 Reckon'd by all a true specific,
 To make the barren brain prolific,
 Thus ROMISH CHURCH (a scheme which bears
 Not half so much excuse as theirs)
 Since FAITH *implicitly* hath taught her,
 Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The PAGAN SYSTEM, whether true
 Or false, its strength, like *Buildings*, drew
 From many parts dispos'd to bear
 In one great Whole, their proper share.
 Each GOD of *eminent* degree,
 To some vast *Beam* compar'd might be ;
 Each GODLING was a *Peg*, or rather
 A *Cramp*, to keep the *Beams* together ;
 And Man as safely might pretend
 From JOVE the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
 As with an impious pride aspire
 To rob APOLLO of his *Lyre*.

With settled faith and pious awe,
 Establish'd by the voice of Law,
 Then POETS to the MUSES came,
 And from their Altars caught the flame.
 GENIUS, with PHOEBUS for his guide,
 The MUSE ascending by his side,

With

With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should WE, who cannot feel
These glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthusiastic* force,
By which, above her common course,
NATURE in *Ecstasy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* Religion than *our own*,
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At CLIO's as at FISHER's name;
Who know these boasted *sacred streams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That THAMES has waters clear as those
Which on the top of PINDUS rose,
And that the FANCY to refine,
Water's not half so good as Wine;
Who know, if Profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink HELICON quite dry,
'Th' whole fountain would not thither lead.
So soon as one poor jug from TWEED;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
'The Pow'r of *Beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the GRECIANS ever knew;
If *Wit* into the scale is thrown,
Can boast a LENOX of our own;
Why should *we* servile customs chuse,
And court an *antiquated Muse*?

No

No matter why—to ask a *Reason*
In PEDANT BIGOTRY is Treason.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyrick Ode*,
No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without APOLLO by his side,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unless his *Lady Muse* be there.
SHE, from some *Amaranthine grove*,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The Laurel to my *Lord* must bear
Or Garlands make for *Whores* to wear;
SHE, with soft *Elegiac* verse,
Must grace some *mighty Villain's* herse,
Or for some *Infant*, doom'd by Fate,
To wallow in a large estate,
With Rhimes the Cradle must adorn,
To tell the World a *Fool* is born.

Since then our CRITIC LORDS expect
No hardy Poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By Nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of Sense and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little said*,
(By wild excursive FANCY led
Into a second Book thus far,
Like some unwary *Traveller*,
Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn

Deluded

Deluded from his purpos'd way ;
 Whom ev'ry step leads more astray ;
 Who gazing round can no where spy,
 Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
 And resolution seems to lack
 To venture forward or go back,
 Invoke some GODDESS to descend,
 And help me to my journey's end.
 Tho' conscious ARROW all the while,
 Hears the petition with a smile,
 Before the glass her charms unfolds,
 And in *herself* MY *Muse* beholds.

TRUTH, GODDESS of celestial birth,
 But little lov'd, or known on earth,
 Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
 Whose name, with hypocritic art,
 An errant stalking horse is made,
 A snug pretence to drive a trade,
 An instrument convenient grown
 To plant, more firmly, FALSHOOD's throne,
 As Rebels varnish o'er their cause
 With specious colouring of Laws,
 And *pious* Traitors draw the knife
 In the KING's *Name* against his *life*,
 Whether (from *Cities* far away,
 Where *Fraud* and *Falshood* scorn thy sway)
 The faithful Nymph's and Shepherd's pride.
 With LOVE and VIRTUE by thy side.
 Your hours in harmless joys are spent
 Amongst the Children of CONTENT ;
 Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
 You tread the round of ENGLAND'S COURT,
 Howe'er

Howe'er my LORD may frowning go,
 And treat the *Stranger* as a *Foe*,
 Sure to be found a welcome guest
 In GEORGE's and in CHARLOTTE's breast;
 If, in the giddy hours of Youth,
 My constant soul adher'd to TRUTH;
 If from the Time I first wrote Man,
 I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
 Tempted by Interest in vain
 To wear mean Falshood's golden chain;
 If, for a season drawn away,
 Starting from Virtue's path astray,
 All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
 And dar'd to sin, but not to lye;
 Hither, O hither, condescend,
 ETERNAL TRUTH, thy steps to bend,
 And favour *Him*, who ev'ry hour,
 Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that easy mien,
 By which you won the *lively* DEAN,
 Nor yet assume that Strumpet air,
 Which RABELAIS taught thee first to wear,
 Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
 Which with CERVANTES gave thee grace,
 But come in sacred vesture clad,
 Solemnly dull, and truly sad!

Far from thy seemly Matron train
 Be Idiot MIRTH, and LAUGHTER, vain!
 For WIT and HUMOUR, which pretend
 At once to please us and amend,

They

They are not for my present turn,
Let them remain in *France* with STERNE.

Of Noblest *City Parents* born,
Whom Wealth and Dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenor keep
Nor quite awake, nor quite asleep,
With THEE, let formal DULLNESS come,
And deep ATTENTION, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs,
Whose down-cast Eye is often found,
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without Vision stares ;
Thy steps let GRAVITY attend,
Wisdom's and *Truth's* unerring friend.
For *One* may see with half an eye,
That GRAVITY can never lye ;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With solemn proof proclaims him *Wise*.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where Sloth and Lust enervate Youth,
Come *Thou*, a down-right *City TRUTH* ;
The CITY, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind,
Where *Man*, in EQUILIBRIO hung,
Is seldom Old, and never Young,

And

And from the Cradle to the Grave,
 Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave;
 As *Dancers* on the *Wire* we spy,
 Hanging between the Earth and Sky.

She comes——I see her from afar,
 Bending her course to *Temple-Bar* :
 All sage and silent is her train,
 Deportment grave, and garments plain,
 Such as may suit a *Parson's* wear,
 And fit the Head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By TRUTH inspir'd, our BACON's force
 Open'd the way to Learning's source ;
 BOYLE thro' the works of NATURE ran ;
 And NEWTON, something more than Man,
 Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
 Laid bare the principles of things,
 Above the earth our spirits bore,
 And gave us Worlds unknown before.
 By TRUTH inspir'd, when *Lauder's* spight
 O'er MILTON cast the Veil of Night,
 DOUGLAS arose, and thro' the maze
 Of intricate and winding ways,
 Came where the subtle Traitor lay,
 And dragg'd him trembling to the day ;
 Whilst HE (O shame to noblest parts,
 Dishonour to the Lib'ral Arts,
 To traffic in so vile a scheme !
 Whilst HE, our *Letter'd* POLYPHEME
 Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
 Like a base Coward, skulk'd behind.

By

By TRUTH inspir'd, our *Critics* go
 To track FINGAL in *Highland* snow,
 To form their own and other's *Creed*
 From *Manuscripts* they cannot read.
 By TRUTH inspir'd, we numbers see
 Of each Profession and degree,
 Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit ;
 When PUNCH and SHERIDAN have done,
 To FANNY's *Ghostly Lectures* run ;
 By TRUTH and FANNY now inspir'd,
 I feel my glowing bosom fir'd ;
 Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
 To sing the SPIRIT of COCK-LANE ;
 To tell (just as the measure flows
 In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
 With more than mortal arts endu'd,
 How *She* united force withstood,
 And proudly gave a brave defiance
 To *Wit* and *Dullness* in Alliance.

This *APPARITION* (with relation
 To antient modes of *Derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
 Although it ne'er appears at all,
 As by the way of *Innuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
 Superior to the vulgar mode,
 Nobly disdains that servile road,
 Which Coward Ghosts, as it appears,
 Have walk'd in full five thousand years.

And

And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others, may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the Morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by Day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to *one* or *two*;
She, great in Reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in Town.
Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid Routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by PRIDE's command,
Block up the passage thro' the *Strand*.

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the *Parade*;
She Saints who, true to pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghost,
And Fools, who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who, laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting Tabernacle Brother,
(For one Rogue still suspects another)

Ladies,

Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly
 Rather than with their *Husbands* lie ;
 Lords, who as chafely pass their lives
 With *other* Women as their *Wives* ;
 Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
 Physicians, Lawyers, Parsons, Beaux,
 And, truants from their desks and shops,
 Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
 To FANNY come, with the same view,
 To find her false, or find her true.

Hark ! something creeps about the house !
 Is IT a *Spirit*, or a *Mouse* ?
 HARK ! something *scratches* round the room !
 A *Cat*, a *Rat*, a *stubb'd Birch-Broom*.
 HARK ! on the wainscot now IT *knocks* !
 If Thou'rt a *Ghost*, cry'd ORTHODOX,
 With that affected *solemn* air
 Which HYPOCRITES delight to wear,
 And all those *forms* of CONSEQUENCE
 Which FOOLS adopt instead of *Sense*,
 If thou'rt a *Ghost*, who from the tomb
 Stalk'st sadly *silent* thro' this gloom,
 In breach of NATURE's stated laws,
 For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cause,
 Give now NINE knocks ; like PRIESTS of old,
 NINE we a *sacred Number* hold.

'Psha, cry'd PROFOUND, (a man of parts,
 Deep read in all the *curious* Arts,
 Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
 The force of NUMBERS *rightly plac'd*)

As

As to the NUMBER, you are right,
 As to the *form* mistaken quite.
 What's NINE?— Your ADEPTS all agree,
 The VIRTUE lies in *Three times Three*.

He said, no need to say it twice,
 For THRICE She *knock'd*, and THRICE, and
 THRICE.

The Crowd, confounded and amaz'd
 In silence at each other gaz'd.
 From CÆLIA's hand the Snuff-box fell,
 TINSEL, who ogled with the Belle,
 To pick it up attempts in vain,
 He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane POMPOSO was not heard
 T' import one crabbed foreign word.
 Fear seizes Heroes, Fools and Wits,
 And PLAUSIBLE his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as People just awake,
 Into wild dissonance they break ;
 All talk'd at once, but not a word
 Was understood, or plainly heard.
 Such is the noise of chatt'ring Geese,
 Slow sailing on the Summer breeze ;
 Such is the language DISCORD speaks
 In *Welsh-women* o'er beds of *Leeks* ?
 Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
 Of *Irish* in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
 Is not on iron hinges hung,

FEAR

FEAR and CONFUSION sound retreat,
 REASON and ORDER take their seat.
 The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
 They now would find the causes out.
 For this a sacred rule we find
 Among the nicest of Mankind,
 Which never might exception brook
 From HOBBS e'en down to BOLINGBROKE,
 To doubt of facts, however true,
 Unless they know the causes too.

TRIFLE, of whom 'twas hard to tell
 When he intended ill or well,
 Who, to prevent all farther pother,
 Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
 Who to be silent always loth,
 Would speak on either side, or both,
 Who, led away by love of Fame,
 If any new Idea came,
 Whate'er it made for, always said it,
 Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
 For ORATORS *profest*, 'ris known,
 Talk not for *our* sake, but their *own*;
 Who always shew'd his talents best
 When serious things were turn'd to jest,
 And, under much impertinence,
 Possess'd no common share of sense;
 Who could deceive the flying hours,
 With chat on Butterflies and Flow'rs;
 Could talk of Powder, Patches, Paint,
 With the same zeal as of a Saint;

Could prove a *Sybil* brighter far,
 Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
 Whilst something still so gay, so new,
 The smile of approbation drew,
 And Females ey'd the charming man,
 Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their Fan,
 TRIFLE, who would by no means miss
 An opportunity like this,
 Proceeding on his usual plan,
 Smil'd, stroak'd his chin, and thus began.

With *Sheers*, or *Scissars*, *Sword*, or *Knife*,
 When the Fates cut the thread of life,
 (For if we to the Grave are sent,
 No matter with what *instrument*)
 The *Body* in some lonely spot,
 On dung-hill vile, is laid to rot,
 Or sleeps among more *holy* dead;
 With Pray'rs *irreverently* read;
 The Soul is sent, where Fate ordains,
 To reap rewards, to suffer pains.

The VIRTUOUS to those mansions go,
 Where Pleasures unembitter'd flow,
 Where *leading up* a jocund band,
 VIGOUR and YOUTH *dance* hand in hand,
 Whilst ZEPHYR, with *harmonious* gales,
 PIPES softest *Music* thro' the vales,
 And SPRING and FLORA, gaily crown'd
 With *Velvet Carpets*, spread the ground;
 With *livelier blush* where Roses bloom,
 And ev'ry shrub *expires perfume*,

Where

Where *chrystal* streams *meandring* glide,
 Where *warbling* flows the *amber* tide,
 Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
 And LIGHT thro' *purser æther* streams.

Far other seats, far diff'rent state
 The Sons of Wickedness await.
 JUSTICE (not that *old Hag* I mean,
 Who's nightly in the *Garden* seen,
 Who lets no spark of *Mercy* rise
 For Crimes, by which men lose their eyes;
 Nor HER, who with an equal hand,
 Weighs *Tea* and *Sugar* in the STRAND.
 Nor HER who, by the World deem'd wise,
 Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
 Steel'd 'gainst the starving Orphan's tears,
 On *Pawns* her base *Tribunal* rears;
 But HER who, after Death presides,
 Whom sacred TRUTH unerring guides,
 Who, free from partial influence,
 Nor sinks, nor raises *Evidence*,
 Before whom nothing's in the dark,
 Who takes no *Bribe*, and keeps no *Clerk*)
 JUSTICE with equal scale below,
 In due proportion weighs out woe,
 And always with such lucky aim
 Knows punishments so fit to frame,
 That she augments their grief and pain,
 Leaving no reason to complain.

OLD MAIDS and RAKES are join'd together,
Coquettes and *Prudes*, like *April* weather;

*Wit's forc'd to Chum with Common Sense,
And Lust is yok'd to Impotence.*

PROFESSORS (*Justice* so decreed)
Unpaid must constant *Lectures* read;
On Earth it often doth befall,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parsons must practise what they teach,
And *B—ps* are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whose tender nature could not bear
The rudeness of the churlish air,
Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
Burnt Brandy on the Shore of STYX.

AVARO, by long use grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his REDEEMER would pull down,
And sell his God for Half a Crown,
Who, if some Blockhead should be willing
To lend him on his Soul a Shilling,
A well-made bargain would esteem it,
And have more sense than to redeem it,
JUSTICE shall in those shades confine,
To drudge for PLUTUS in the Mine,
All the Day long to toil and roar,
And cursing work the stubborn ore,
For Coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a Sixpence for his pains,

Thence

Thence, with each due return of Night,
 COMPELL'd, the *tall, thin*, half-starv'd SPIRIT
 Shall earth re-visit, and survey
 The place where once his treasure lay,
 Shall view the *stall*, where *holy* PRIDE,
 With *letter'd* IGNORANCE allied,
 Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
 Descended to another Lord.
 Then shall *He* screaming pierce the air,
 Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
 Then shall *He* ban at Heaven's decrees,
 And, howling, sink to Hell for ease.

Those, who on Earth thro' life have past,
 With equal pace, from first to last,
 Nor vex'd with passions, nor with spleen,
 Insipid, easy, and serene,
 Whose heads were made too weak to bear
 The weight of business, or of care,
 Who without *Merit*, without *Crime*,
 Contriv'd to while away their time,
 Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild JUSTICE with a smile, permits
 Still to pursue their darling plan,
 And find amusement how they can.

The BEAU, in gaudiest plumage dress'd
 With lucky Fancy, o'er the rest
 Of AIR the curious mantle throws,
 And chats among his Brother BEAUX;
 Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
 No sign of rain or tempest near,

Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
 Like *gilded Butterflies* at play,
 So lively All, so gay, so brisk,
 In air They *flutter, float, and frisk*.

The BELLE (what mortal doth not know,
 BELLES after death admire a BEAU ?)
 With happy grace renews her art,
 To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
 And after death, as whilst they live,
 A heart is *all* which BEAUX can give.

In some still, solemn sacred shade,
 Behold a group of AUTHORS laid,
News-Paper Wits, and SONNETEERS,
Gentlemen BARDS, and *Rhiming* PEERS,
 BIOGRAPHERS, whose wond'rous worth
 Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
 Whom FIELDINGS *humour* led astray,
 And *plaintive* FOPS, debauch'd by GRAY,
 All sit together in a ring,
 And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,
 (For this is *one* of many rules
 With *writing* Lords and *laureat* Fools,
 And which for ever must succeed
 With *other* Lords who cannot read,
 However destitute of wit,
 To make their works for BOOK-CASE fit)

Ac-

Acknowledg'd Master of those seats,
CIBBER his *Birth day Odes* repeats.

With Triumph *now* possess that feat,
With Triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd Vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious BARD, when *Fate*,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The *Regal Laurel* blasts, which now
Blossoms on the placid WHITEHEAD's brow,
Low must descend thy Pride and Fame,
And CIBBER's be the second Name.

Here TRIFLE cough'd (for *Coughing* still,
Bears witness of the *Speaker's* skill.
A necessary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an essential part,
And *Adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *Cough* by them *ready-made*,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for *words* or *sense*)
Here TRIFLE cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his *smile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
CREDULITY, the Child of FOLLY,
Begot on *Cloyster'd* MELANCHOLY,
Who, heard, with grief, the florid Fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,
And saw him, led by WHIM away,
Still farther from the subject stray.

Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—E, address'd the Crowd.

Were we with Patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till TRIFLE his harangue should end,
A *Greenland* Night we might attend,
Whilst He, with fluency of speech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here TRIFLE, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown,
But Nature, unawares slept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
And when, in FANCY's Chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the World,
Involv'd in error still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus *Soldiers* (in whose exercise)
Material use with Grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That PROVIDENCE, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* SPIRIT sends!
Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your *Faith* was on your Features hung,
Your *Faith* I in your eyes could see,
When *all* were pale and star'd like *me*.
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,

POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and I,
 With FANNY, have agreed to try
 A deep concerted scheme. This night,
 To fix, or to destroy HER quite.
 If it be *True*, before we've done,
 We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
 If it be *false*, admit no doubt,
 Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
 Into the vaulted womb of Death,
 Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
 Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled *Sprite*
 Adds horror to the gloom of night,
 Will *We* descend, and bring from thence
 Proofs of such force to Common Sense.
 Vain *Triflers* shall no more deceive,
 And ATHEISTS tremble, and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the Chamber rung
 With due applause from ev'ry tongue.
 The mingled sound (now let me see,
 Something by way of *Simile*)
 Was it more like *Strymonian Cranes*,
 Or *Winds*, low murm'ring, when it rains,
 Or drowsy hum of clust'ring *Bees*,
 Or the hoarse roar of angry *Seas*?
 Or (still to heighten and explain,
 For else our *Simile* is vain)
 Shall we declare it, like *all four*,
 A *Scream*, a *Murmur*, *Hum*, and *Roar*?

Let FANCY now in awful state
 Present this great TRIUMVIRATE

(A me-

(A method which receiv'd we find
 In *other* cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
 All *Fools* in Town to *represent*.

The Clock strikes Twelve—M—E starts and
 swears,

In *Oaths* we know, as well as *Pray'rs*,
 RELIGION lies, and a *Church* Brother
 May use at will or one or t'other,
 PLAUSIBLE, from his Cassock, drew
 A holy Manual, seeming new ;
 A Book it was of *private Pray'r*,
 But not a pin the worse for wear,
 For, as we by the bye may say,
 None but *small* Saints in private pray.
 RELIGION, fairest Maid on earth,
 As meek as good, who drew her birth
 From that blest union, when in heaven
 PLEASURE was Bride to VIRTUE given ;
 RELIGION, ever pleas'd to pray,
 Possess'd the precious gift one day ;
 HYPOCRISY, of CUNNING born,
 Crept in and stole it ere the morn.
 WH—TF—D that greatest of all saints,
 Who always prays, and never faints,
 Whom SHE to her *own* Brothers bore,
 RAPINE and LUST, on SEVERN's shore,
 Receiv'd it from the *squinting* Dame ;
 From *Him* to PLAUSIBLE it came,
 Who, with unusual care oppress'd,
 Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast.

Doubts.

Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancied Spectres blast his eyes.
DEVOTION springs from abject *fear*,
And stamps his Pray'rs for *once* sincere.

POMPOSO (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *scribbling* crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is Sense and Law,
For what his Greatness hath decreed,
Like Laws of PERSIA and of MEDE,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Must never of Repeal admit ;
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool ;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise ;
Who, proudly seiz'd of *Learning's* throne,
Now damns all Learning but his own ;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, Convincing, and Persuading,
But makes each Sentence current pass,
With *Puppy, Coxcomb, Scoundrel, Ass* ;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool ;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of Club, he knocks us down ;
Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to rise,
And Sense and *Decency* defies ;

For

For this same *Decency* is made
 Only for Bunglers in the trade,
 And, like the *Cobweb Laws*, is still
 Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will) —
 POMPOSO, with *strong sense* supplied,
 Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
 His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile :
 Features so horrid, were it light,
 Would put the Devil himself to flight.

Such were the *Three* in Name and Worth,
 Whom ZEAL and JUDGMENT singled forth
 To try the *Sprite* on REASON's plan,
 Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the Night, it was that Hour,
 When TERROR reigns in fullest Pow'r,
 When, as the Learn'd of old have said,
 The yawning Grave gives up her dead,
 When MURDER, RAPINE by her side,
 Stalks o'er the earth with *Giant* stride;
 Our QUIXOTES (for that *Knight* of old
 Was not in Truth by half so bold,
 Tho' REASON at the same time cries,
 Our QUIXOTES are not half so wise.
 Since they, with other follies, boast
 An Expedition 'gainst a *Ghost*)
 Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
 In close array, towards FANNY's tomb
 Adventur'd forth—CAUTION before,
 With heedful step, the *lanthorn* bore,

Point-

Pointing at Graves; and in the Rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went FEAR.
 The Church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
 As in an Ague, shook around;
 While in some *dreary vault* confin'd,
 Or riding on the *hollow Wind*,
 HORROR, which turns the heart to stone,
 In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
 All staring, wild, and out of breath,
 At length they reach the place of death.

A VAULT *it* was, long time applied
 To hold the last remains of *Pride*:
 No *Beggars* there, of humble race,
 And humble fortunes, finds a place,
 To rest in *Pomp* as well as *Ease*
 The only way's to pay the *Fees*.
 FOOLS, ROGUES, and WHORES, if *Rich* and *Great*,
 Proud e'en in death, HERE *rot* in *State*.
 No Thieves disrobe the *well-drest* Dead,
 No Plumbers steal the *sacred* lead,
 Quiet and safe the Bodies lie,
 No SEXTONS *sell*, no SURGEONS *buy*.

Thrice each the ponderous key apply'd,
 And *Thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
 Till taught by *Prudence* to unite,
 And straining with collected might,
 The stubborn wards resist no more,
 But open flies the *growling* door.

Three

Three paces back They fell amaz'd,
 Like *Statues* stood, like *Madmen* gaz'd;
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
 The throbbing heart its fears declares,
 And upright stand the bristled hairs;
 The head in wild distraction swims;
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
 NATURE, whilst Fears her bosom chill,
 Suspends her Pow'rs, and LIFE stands still.

Thus had they stood till *now*, but SHAME
 (An useful, tho' neglected Dame,
 By Heav'n design'd the Friend of Man,
 Tho' we degrade Her all we can,
 And strive, as our first proof of Wit,
 Her Name of Nature to forget)
 Came to their aid in happy hour,
 And with a wand of mighty pow'r
 Struck on their hearts; vain *Fears* subside,
 And baffled, leave the field to PRIDE.

Shall THEY, (forbid it *Fame*) shall THEY
 The dictates of vile Fear obey?
 Shall They, the *Idols* of the Town,
 To *Bugbears* Fancy-form'd bow down?
 Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
 And undertook for all the rest.
 Whose matchless Courage all admire,
 Inglorious from the task retire?
 How would the *Wicked Ones* rejoice,
 And *Infidels* exalt their voice,

If M——E and PLAUSIBLE were found,
By *shadows* aw'd, to quit their ground;
How would *Fools* laugh, should it appear
POMPOSO was the slave of Fear?

“ Perish the thought ! tho’ to our eyes

“ In all its terrors *Hell* should rise,

“ Tho’ thousand Ghosts, in dread array,

“ With glaring eye balls, cross our way.

“ Tho’ CAUTION, trembling, stands aloof,

“ Still we will on, and dare the proof,”

They said ; and without farther halt,

Dauntless march’d onward to the VAULT.

What mortal men, whoe’er drew breath,

Shall break into the House of DEATH

With foot *unhallow’d*, and from thence

The Myst’ries of that State dispense,

Unless they, with due rites, prepare

Their weaker sense such sights to bear,

And gain permission from the *State*,

On Earth their journal to relate ?

POETS themselves, without a crime,

Cannot attempt it e’en in *Rhime*,

But always, on such grand occasion,

Prepare a *Solemn Invocation*,

A *Poesy* for grim PIUTO weave,

And in smooth numbers ask his leave,

But why this Caution? why prepare

Rites, needless now ? for *thrice* in air

The SPIRIT of the NIGHT hath *sneez’d*,

And *thrice* hath clap’d his wings well pleas’d.

DESCEND

DESCEND then, TRUTH, and guard thy side,
 My *Muse*, my *Patronefs*, and *Guide* !
 Let others at Invention aim,
 And seek by falsties for fame ;
 Our Story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *Furbelows* in Rhime :
 Relate plain Facts ; be brief and bold ;
 And let the POETS, fam'd of *old*,
 Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
 In vain to find a PARALLEL :
 SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
 ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.



END OF VOL. I.

